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PUT OUT MORE FLAGS

NEXT Wednesday the new flag of the National Coal Board will be flying at every pit-head; and, at the week-end, miners throughout the country will be celebrating the fulfilment of fifty years of political struggle. The general public, submitting passively to countless and erratic fuel cuts, may grin ironically; and the Tory Press, by front-paging such incidents as the threatened shut-down by the management of the Austin works, will do its best to associate national ownership in the public mind with shortage and administrative failure. It is of course inevitable that, if nationalisation is only undertaken when private enterprise has already demonstrably failed to serve the public interest, a considerable period must elapse before the consumer can feel the advantages of the transformation. The coal mines, and to a lesser extent the railways, have been permitted to deteriorate so seriously, and have been so thoroughly starved of essential capital investment, that it will be years before public ownership can appreciably contribute to public convenience.

It is sometimes argued that for this reason the Government cannot electorally afford to prosecute its nationalisation policy, and would be wise to concentrate on reforms which provide cash benefits to the non-political voter, and win the support of Mr. Clement Davies and the *News Chronicle*. We are glad that the Government shows no signs of succumbing to this fallacy. The real lesson of the past year—as exemplified in the coal mines—is the national necessity of Socialism. The flags flying at the pit-heads are not merely a piece of political propaganda. They are the symbol of an action which in the last twelve months has saved us complete industrial paralysis. The record of the coal-mines since the Labour Government took over is one of astonishing achievement. It should be better appreciated both inside and outside the Labour Movement.

Let us start with output. Production since the summer has shown a steady upward tendency. The miners, despite their increasing years, despite the food shortage and the miserable conditions in which most of them live, have made a really heroic effort. The output of coal, which last January averaged 3,250,000 tons a week, in the third week of December reached the remarkable figure of 4,000,000 tons. But this increase of production has been offset by an even greater increase of demand, almost entirely due to the success of the Government's full employment policy and to the steadily growing industrial demand for electricity. Here, the main factor is shortage of generating plant. But, so far as fuel is concerned, Mr Shinwell's problem has been vastly aggravated by the fact that we are now consuming about 75 per cent. more electricity than in 1938. We need more coal than ever before for the simple reason that, for the first time in a period of peace since 1919, we are not carrying the burden of a million or more unemployed.

To maintain full employment, therefore, the National Coal Board must achieve an increase in the number of miners at the coal face and an increase in the output per man at a time when old age alone is withdrawing hundreds of miners each week from the industry, and when higher wages and better conditions in other industries are still proving a deterrent to juvenile recruitment to the coal mines. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that Mr. Shinwell's recruitment campaign has been so successful. Under previous Governments every project for obtaining new miners had failed dismally. In the year 1945, when the Labour Government took over, the net loss of miners to the industry totalled 17,000. The new recruitment campaign, under the stimulus of nationalisation and modern techniques of publicity, has increased the intake by some 45 per cent. During 1946 nearly 80,000 recruits entered the industry as compared with 48,600 in 1945, despite the fact that the campaign cannot attract young married men because of the intractable housing shortage in the mining areas. If the Minister could persuade the National Union of Mine Workers to accept Polish ex-soldiers as willingly as they accept Southern Irishmen, this figure could be improved—though not sufficiently to increase production in this crucial winter.

Equally encouraging is the comparison between the figures for effective employment to-day and a year ago. In January, 1946, the total number of men employed in the coal mines was 696,000, but effective employment was only 621,000. During the year the Essential Work Order was relaxed and thousands of disgruntled or unwilling miners seized their chance to leave the industry. The result of relying on the volunteer has been remarkable. This month the industry is employing 4,000 fewer men than a year ago; but of these, 645,000 are effective workers, and absenteeism has sunk in twelve months from 18.3 per cent. to 13 per cent. Could there be a better proof of the moral effect of the advent of nationalisation?

These facts are sufficient to justify the festivities in the coal-fields next week-end. So far, the miners have received few immediate benefits from the Labour Government. They are still living on hope, though the five-day week—an instalment of the Mines' Charter—is promised for May. As the first nationalised industry, they have been called on to prove the central principle of Socialism that workers can and will make their best effort not merely for private gain but for an idea. They have done so better than anyone dared to hope; and part at least of this success can be attributed to vigorous leadership in the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

But no effort by the miners can prevent serious inconvenience to the householder and to industry during the next ten weeks. Despite everything which has been achieved in the past twelve months, an extended period of snow or fog could still cause something like a national close-down of industry. What the miners have done is to reduce the prospect of certain catastrophe to a grim possibility. Given reasonable luck with the weather, calamity this winter will be avoided. That in itself is an outstanding achievement; and it is almost entirely due to the transformation of the atmosphere in the industry which has been brought about by the Government's policy. Despite the trepidation of the Liberals, we are confident that a socialised transport system can show similar results.

Burma and Viet-Nam

The Premiers of Britain and France have both committed themselves to sane and progressive views about South-East Asia. Both realise that an entirely new situation has arisen in which Asiatic peoples, whom the Western Powers have been accustomed to regard as submissive and backward, have become nationalist and politically conscious. Mr. Attlee, aware that delay in Burma has become highly dangerous, has invited the leaders of the Anti-Fascist Front to Britain, and made it clear that the Burmese are to have an All-Burmese Constituent Assembly and the right, if they will, to choose independence. Mr. Churchill, true to form, describes this effort to make the Burmese our friends and allies as a policy of "scuttle." M. Blum's statement about Indo-China was made before he became Premier, in the columns of the Socialist paper *Le Populaire*. Nothing could have been more forthright. He described as "tortuous" the French policy of first recognising Viet-Nam and then carrying war into Indo-China. He declared that the only policies open to France were either the reconquest of Indo-China or the pursuit of peace and friendship with the Annamese. This has not prevented General d'Argenlieu, the French counterpart of Mr. Churchill in Imperial matters, returning to Indo-China to carry out what appears to be a full-scale war against the Annamese. If the Annamese have now made attacks on the French, that was inevitable in view of the fact that the French have already bombarded Haiphong and despatched large reinforcements of French troops. M. Blum may only have a few weeks in office. If he can use them to reverse French policy in Indo-China, he will have shown that the French Socialist Party can still be true to its principles and act as the custodian of French honour.

The Unity of China

The fact that President Truman thought it desirable on the eve of Christmas to issue a re-statement of U.S. policy towards China was evidence that the Administration in Washington is uncomfortably aware of the strength of the criticism both in the United States and in China itself that, despite the mediating efforts of General Marshall, American support for Chiang Kai-shek has led in fact, if not by intention, to civil war. Mr. Truman expressed a pious hope that a united China would move "towards peace and genuine democratic government"; but, though he affirmed that the United States was determined to avoid involvement in Chinese civil strife, he gave no hint that "non-intervention" would take the form of ceasing to provide material support for the Kuomintang. His implication was that, in breaking off the negotiations which General Marshall had promoted, and in boycotting the National Assembly now in session, the Yenan Communists bore the chief responsibility for the present conflict. This is a partial judgment. The fact must not be forgotten that, with the assistance of American transport, airplanes, and war material, the Kuomintang forces launched an invasion of the Border Regions; the civil war was not begun by the forces under Chu Teh. As for the decision of Yenan to take no part in the National Assembly, in a recent interview with an American correspondent, Chou En-lai explained that abstention was based on the fact that Chiang Kai-shek had repudiated the Constitution agreed to at the February conference; had failed to make good his promise to free political prisoners and to restore democratic rights of free speech, press and assembly; and had declined to give the Communists and the Democratic League the fourteen seats they demanded in the State Council. The National Assembly has consequently been little more than a meeting of the Kuomingtang; and efforts to split the Democratic League front, beginning with the assassination of two of its leaders, only secured the secession of the small Social-Democratic and Young China groups.

Aid for Austria

Britain's Christmas present of £10 million in aid of Austrian reconstruction is generous. The British Government at any rate has shown that, on humanitarian grounds, it accepts responsibility for warding off starvation from Austria after the untimely demise of Unrra; and it is to be presumed that the United States will be ready to provide similar assistance, though it may take the form of a loan rather than a grant. To the British credit one condition is attached whose practical implications remain to be elucidated. The money will not be forthcoming if any of the other occupying Powers refuse to recognise the principle of the economic unity of Austria, or prevent the Austrian Government from disposing freely of its new resources for the benefit of the Austrian population as a whole. This is a legitimate proviso; it would be intolerable that the British taxpayer should pump funds into Austria and that the imports thereby procured by the Austrian Government should either be "frozen" in one particular Zone or removed as reparations by the Russians or by the French, whose military authorities in Austria have followed with gusto the axiom *qu'il faut prendre le bien où on le trouve*. The fact, however, that this reservation has to be made raises the question whether the British action may not be an instance of "too little and too soon." The sum placed at Austria's disposal will meet only one quarter of the gap which the Parliamentary Committee on Estimates, after its visit to Vienna in the autumn, judged would have to be bridged in 1947 between Austria's exports and minimal imports. Until Big Four agreement on the terms of a peace treaty for Austria has been achieved, zonal barriers and burdensome forces of occupation withdrawn, and an Austrian Government given a real chance to set its house in order, Austria—as in the days of the League loans—seems likely to stagger from one insolvency to another. Would it, then, not have been better to defer financial aid (as distinct from relief shipments of food) until the lines of Austria's future development were clearer? The case for the immediate credit is presumably that, though (as Mr. Hector McNeil emphasised in Parliament) there are "no financial strings," the transaction has a definite political background in the general European setting. It is designed to persuade the Austrian people that they can look hopefully to the West for succour, and therefore need not orientate their national policy towards that of the U.S.S.R. The fact, however, that even a "free" Danube flows eastwards: Austria's main market is to be found in Central and South-Eastern Europe. It may in the long run be an unkindness to Austria to persuade her to depart too far from her natural economic and geographical balance, at the cost of becoming a charity pensioner of London and Washington.

America's Industrial War

John L. Lewis having conducted his retreat on the soft-coal front, American Big Business is preparing to counter-attack in strength the wage offensive which the Congress of Industrial Organisation is threatening to launch in the New Year. This was made clear by the Chairman of General Motors, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, who told the Boston Chamber of Commerce just before Christmas that the C.I.O.'s case for increased pay to meet the enhanced cost of living was "an economic absurdity." The thesis, which the C.I.O. endorsed at its Convention last month, that corporate profits in the United States can stand another rise in wages without any corresponding rise in prices, was based on an analysis prepared by a firm of Consulting Economists, headed by Robert R. Nathan, one of Mr. Roosevelt's New Dealers. The report showed that corporation profits, after taxes, have risen since 1944 by 50 per cent., and are now running at the level of $15 billions a year, or nearly four times the average of 1936-39. The conclusion drawn was that even manufacturing corporations, whose profits have not risen so much as those of other concerns, could afford to raise wages by 21 per cent on the average, without reducing profits below the pre-war average level of 6.9 per cent. To this, Mr. Sloan's reply is that any increase in wages would lead automatically to a rise in prices, which would quickly be carried to a level beyond the ability of much of the market to stand. With the knowledge in his mind that the Automobile Workers' Union has put in a demand for an increase of 23 cents in hourly pay, and that on January 15 the United Steelworkers' Union will lodge 30-day strike notices, the Chairman of General Motors declared that legislation must be passed to amend the Wagner Act and curb the power of big unions by breaking them up into sections. Otherwise, he said, labour would exercise "monopoly power" destructive of the conception of free enterprise on which the economy of America rests. The C.I.O. will probably not be slow to take up this challenge. The ability of American industry to pay increased wages out of current profits may be debatable, and there are obvious difficulties in an argument which presupposes an average level of profits; but the reality of the situation is that American Big Business is in no mood to have any ceiling placed on its profits by labour pressure.

The Farmers' Charter

The voluminous Agricultural Bill, which Mr. Tom Williams introduced on the eve of the Recess, is important in that it represents the first attempt since the war to lay down a long-term basis for the relationship between the State and the farming community. The Bill is founded on the principle that the agricultural industry must be "stable and efficient." Stability is to be ensured by putting on a permanent footing the present machinery of price-fixing and market guarantees. Safeguards against inefficiency are to be sought in persuasion, precept and, if need be, sanctions. County Agricultural Executive Committees will have power to supervise, direct and, in the last resort, dispossess farmers whose land falls below a "reasonable standard" of efficient production; an Agricultural Land Commission will be charged with developing selected holdings to demonstrate the value of good management and applied research; and there is to be encouragement for the acquisition by experienced land workers of small holdings organised on a co-operative basis. In so far as it thus establishes the State in a benevolent and quasi-paternal relationship towards an industry which forms a socially essential part of a balanced community, the Bill is well-intentioned, and should do as much as can be done to promote prosperity and reasonable efficiency in British agriculture, given the existing complex system of land ownership. It leaves, however, a big gap in the Government's agricultural policy which will have to be filled in by administrative action. Powers are taken to obtain the necessary statistical information to plan farm production; but what is the planning target? According to the Bill, it is the production of "such part of the nation's food as, in the national interest it is desirable to produce in the U.K." In the immediate situation of world food supplies, maximum and optimum are clearly identical. But what of the long-term future, when supplies of overseas food may become ample in quantity and attractive in cost? In that event, it will become a question, not merely of the price which it is worth paying for home-produced food, but of the amount of man-power which we can economically afford to devote to intensive agriculture. We are far from suggesting that a good life for Britain is to be sought on the basis of a population predominantly engaged in manufacture, with crowded urban centres surrounded by derelict fields. Our contention is simply that agricultural policy can be worked out in the long run only as part of an over-all economic budget based on man-power.

PARLIAMENT : Fireworks and Damp Squibs

THE Exchange Equalisation Bill had not attracted ig attendances. If the Tories had really cared for ivil liberties, they would have laid off transport and oncentrated their fire on a measure which gives some ustification for talk of a Gestapo. But they gave it relatively easy passage in five Parliamentary days uring which the Chancellor had hobnobbed amicably nd unintelligibly with a handful of financial cronies. Yet, when the Debate on the Third Reading began fter 10 p.m. on Thursday, the Chamber was packed. Never at this hour has it been so full or so inattentive. Conversation was only interrupted to overhear Lord Hinchinbrooke's conversion to Free Trade and a speech by Oliver Stanley, which proved his post-prandial brilliance but also took all the bite out of the opposition to Socialist tyranny. Even the Chancellor could not retain the ear of a House keyed up for a real "occasion."

When the Speaker rose to deal with the Piratin incident, there was dead silence which continued while the Serjeant-at-Arms tilted his sword and marched slowly to the table to deliver his oral report. Members had already been impressed by Piratin's judicious handling after question time of a verbal affray with Lord Winterton concerning his national origin. Now he won sympathy by his apology for his part in the first incident and by the restrained manner in which he asked the House to consider what action was required by the second. After the Speaker had read a letter from the journalist concerned, Mr. Morrison suggested in a roundabout speech that the two apologies might close the affair. There was a chilly and uncomfortable silence on the Labour back benches which gave Mr. Churchill his opportunity. He rose above parties and spoke for his fellow Members of an ancient institution. For a few memorable moments, leadership was his once more. New Labour Members who have a very poor opinion of his conduct in this session saw a flash of his former greatness.

Another late night debate—on the Assembly's Bill for Church discipline—also revealed some fascinating sidelights on this strange new House of Commons. The leading champions and opponents were all on the Government side, the Tories merely standing in reserve to defeat what they apparently imagined to be a crypto-Communist conspiracy against Church and State. Sir Arthur Salter and Wilson Harris, seizing the rare chance to make constituency speeches, tried to argue that the House would be acting improperly if it discussed the details of the measure. This provoked a devastating reply, both erudite and witty, from Geoffrey Bing, who was supported by an unexpected and subtle intervention from Aneurin Bevan. Poor Skeffington-Lodge, tuned up for his big occasion, was knocked off his balance and lost supporters with every minute of his speech. But too many Labour back-benchers had preferred to speak against the Bill instead of defeating it. The late night transport not being available, the faithless had preferred bed to principles. Under a Socialist Government, a measure was carried which would have provoked weeks of acrid controversy in the by-gone days of "Jix."

Friday's debate on the Pretender to the throne of Sarawak was quite lively. Teeling raised the constitutional issue whether a British subject could be banned from a British colony and Rees-Williams, though doubtful of the Governor's wisdom in using his powers, proved that he certainly possessed them and gave the Colonial Secretary the benefit of the doubt. Everything was going smoothly when Arthur Creech-Jones, accused banteringly of being poacher turned gamekeeper, lost his temper and with it his authority—an untidy little blot on a previously unblemished record.

During the Recess, both parties will look forward expectantly to Mr. Churchill's promised vote of censure. This, he told the House, would arraign the Government for tyranny, incompetence and conceit. It has anticipated and so prevented, a vote of censure on the Leader of the Opposition whose conduct, now that he receives a salary, is subject to Parliamentary control.

PHINEAS

AMERICA AND EUROPE

IN the 19th century Britain was the country of good works. Every worthy cause had its British sponsors; Liberals and Little Englanders inveighed, not always vainly, against aggressive imperialism; refugees from totalitarian countries found safety and a free platform for their libertarian crusades; money was subscribed to relieve distress and promote rebellion against the tyrant.

Yet no one who studies the 19th century would say that the British were popular. We were constantly accused of hypocrisy. Our critics pointed out, somewhat unkindly, that if we were generous, we could afford it; that if we conducted our public debates on a higher moral plane than other countries, that was because an island position, immense wealth, a great Empire and an unchallengeable navy made it easy for us to consider issues of right and wrong which less fortunate nations, with their very existence at stake, were compelled to subordinate to reasons of short-term expediency. They complained that we did not behave as Europeans, even though we made periodic interventions in Europe; that we prescribed free trade as a liberating doctrine of peace even though, to small nations, the only security seemed often to lie in protection of their own markets; that our Empire was expanding and our hold over rebellious Ireland tenacious even while we dilated on the virtues of liberty and the rights of small nations; and that, when the sum was added up, the net conclusion was that we acted, as other nations did, in our own national interests, but satisfied our Puritan consciences by singing hymn tunes at the same time.

To-day, as Mr. Alsop, one of America's best-known columnists, this week points out in a letter supporting the foreign policy of Mr. Byrnes, America stands much in the position that Britain held in the last century. Aircraft to Europe from New York take about as long as the packet-boat used to take to cross the Channel. America is now the creditor nation, boundlessly rich, safe from attack, and well stocked with altruistically minded people advocating moral causes and preaching high ideals. Like 19th-century Britain, she is the source of charity and, as Mr. Alsop's letter suggests, rather hurt because, like 19th-century Britain, her motives are sometimes suspected and her munificence accepted with ingratitude. The one outstanding difference is that free-trade Britain became increasingly a leisured country, living on the work of overseas labour and making it possible for foreign peoples to buy her manufactured goods by lending them money and importing their food and raw materials. America, though beginning to see the moral as well as the commercial value of free trade, remains a high protectionist country and therefore infuriates debtor nations by expecting them to honour liabilities which they could only meet by selling goods that America refuses to buy.

The United States has not yet learnt the gentle art of being a creditor. The role of the creditor is to be at once lazy and peaceful, to be inoffensive both in accepting tribute and conferring charity. It is not an easy art, and it is one that ill-fits the traditions of a hard-working, self-respecting nation which has always despised aristocracies and privileged cultures. Some soreness was inevitable when nations that were once proud of their independence found themselves reduced to colonial status. And some soreness on the American side was also inevitable. Take, for example, the matter of food. America, from its abundance, has given with abounding generosity. Its contributions in money and in kind to Unrra were out of all proportion—72 per cent. of the total—to those of other countries, yet its liberality was no proof against the "ingratitude" of the recipients. When countries discourteously suggest that maybe the United States owe them some return for the fact that they have been the battlefields in a war that has left U.S. productivity intact, Americans regard their complaints as "bum's talk"—the hard-luck story that takes the savour out of charity. Knowing their own high motives they resent it when indigent nations take the meal-ticket and forget the "Hallelujah," accept bounty and reject political sponsorship. Only a LaGuardia would dare to accuse his generous country of using food as a political weapon. Only an Acheson would dare say frankly that, in future, credits and food would be reserved for America's friends.

Similarly with Sir John Orr's plan for a World Food Board. In May, at the time of the Famine Conference in Washington, the withers of America were wrung by the vision of millions starving. The Food for Freedom organisation was stumping the country; LaGuardia was moving audiences to tears. The Federal Government was still accepting its commitments as the buyer for the hungry nations. Farmers were moved by pity and by prudence. The hungry were their market and, under the Orr scheme, they could go on producing abundance at a price that would keep them safe from glut-ruin. For sentimental and business reasons most Americans seemed to favour the Orr plan. But there were other influences, notably in the State Department, which wanted quickly to get back to a world of free enterprise and rewarding-one's-friends. At Copenhagen, the halo was still intact. America committed itself to the principle of an organisation which would put food above politics, and ensure, not only reserves against famine, but a means to a rising standard of life for all peoples and the stabilisation of farm prices. When the delegation returned home, one of its sponsors, Henry Wallace, had already gone from the scene. Hard-faced men, who had done very well from the war, were in the saddle. By the time the Preparatory Commission assembled in Washington to work out the machinery of Orr's scheme, the faces of the famine children on the billboards had been pasted over by the advertisements of free enterprise. Maybe Orr was over-optimistic in insisting that charity must be taken out of food and that nations should, with self-respect, indent on an impartial body for the food they required and for which they would eventually pay. Once again the analogy holds good between prosperous America in the 20th-century and prosperous Britain of the 19th; the well-to-do British, who gave liberally to William Booth, would have fought to the last ditch against social insurance which would have made his charitable work unnecessary.

Again, there is the case of Unesco. In no country in the world has that lofty cause been taken up with such resounding enthusiasm as in America. Organisations, large and small, in every part of the States have thrown themselves into the task of world-enlightenment with a zeal equalled only by that of 19th-century England when it endowed missions to the heathens. The delegation to the Paris Conference consisted of men and women of highest ideals and disinterested purpose; no group of people could have been more genuine or sincere in their motives. Why, then, should the smaller nations and the so-called "backward peoples" feel uneasy when America offered to share the enlightenment which its own people enjoy? Why, when it is essential that all peoples should learn to understand each other, should anyone question the need for the breaking down of all barriers which hinder the traffic in ideas?

Bidault gave the answer when he uttered his warning against any attempt to build "an Empire over the minds of men." The U.S. delegation were no Empire-builders, but in the background were the teeming factories of Hollywood dishing out canned-culture by the million-feet, the radio voices speaking with the Voice of America, the fecund presses ready to pour out acres of print about the American Way of Life. Countries saw their own cultures being swamped. In a "free" world, they would not be able to discriminate against Hollywood even on grounds of taste nor erect defensive barriers against the vast surplus of culture which America, with her enormous technical resources, is in a position to export.

If Republican success meant that American policy had hardened into an Imperialism bent on hogging markets, seizing bases and demanding political subservience as a return for charity, then indeed we could look forward to nothing but friction between the United States and the rest of the world. But American policy is not fixed. Apart from the temporarily impotent Left, there are far-sighted people in the American business world who do not wish economics to be bedevilled by ideology, and who note that, in spite of political disagreements, America has exported £55,000,000 worth of goods to the Soviet Union in the first six months of this year. They know that it is not good business to disregard the cultural predilections of ancient countries. Even in chaotic and impoverished China, there are signs of national resistance whenever America ties political strings to her development plans. In Britain and in Western Europe especially, it is the interest of America to aid countries that are impoverished by the war to stand on their own feet. The tragedy of post-war America was the failure of Business as a whole to see the force of the argument advanced so powerfully by Henry Wallace in favour of a policy of continued lend-lease. It is sound economics to turn both backward and devastated areas into prosperous communities which will want to buy American goods. The return is not so quick, but it is durable. Countries that live on charity needs must default when its springs dry up; those which are helped to build up their own economics and way of life in their own way share in the common benefits of an increased prosperity. The quality of charity is twice cursed: it curses him that gives in patronage and him that takes with reluctance. The quality of co-operation is twice blessed.

BRITISH ZONE

A VISIT to the British Zone of Germany after an absence of six months produces two equally strong impressions. Materially nothing has changed. There is no reconstruction; industry staggers from crisis to crisis; the food situation remains catastrophic. Psychologically and politically there has been a vast and most discomforting change. Six months ago, in spite of serious criticism of specific actions by the British administration, there was a general willingness to accept the integrity of British intentions. To-day the general belief is that Britain is determined to destroy Germany as an industrial competitor, and is therefore proceeding in a gentlemanly British manner to strangle her industry and starve her people.

These popular reactions have their counterparts in the behaviour of the responsible democratic leaders. The political parties devote far more of their attention to polemics than to policies. At present, governments are being formed in the individual States in the British Zone. The parties vie with one another in seeking to avoid taking part in the governments. The men who do take part, although having party labels, have no particular standing in their parties, which feel no responsibility for the governments.

It is easy to succumb to a feeling of hopelessness when studying the German problem. There are so many things about which little or no immediate and effective action can be taken. We cannot break down the Zonal frontiers in default of Russian and French agreement; we cannot send food we have not got; we cannot produce more miners or, by any very obvious means, more coal; we cannot, without destroying all hopes of co-operation with Russia, unilaterally denounce the agreement on reparations. It is, however, precisely this inability to solve the major problems which makes so urgent the need to take the steps which are within our power.

Probably the reform which is most required concerns the structure of the Control Commission itself. In spite of improvements in the past year, there is still no effective political co-ordination of policy except at the highest levels. The ten divisions of the Commission operate in almost complete isolation from one another. Highly placed individuals like the Deputy Chiefs of Staff and the Regional Commissioners can only be troubled for major decisions, and will probably only be troubled if there is serious disagreement between two divisions. Many subjects of far-reaching importance, but falling clearly within the scope of one division, are dealt with entirely by the experts of that division and will go through the channels of that division to quadripartite level, there to be discussed with similar experts from the other Powers. They will only be seen by the outer world if there is disagreement between the occupying Powers. Then they will be discussed, in the light, not of their results on the German population, but their international effect.

The present taxation system is a case in point. This has been built up entirely by fiscal experts. Its effect is to place a vastly disproportionate burden on the shoulders of the wage and salary earners. It has clearly never been submitted to any political scrutiny. What is required is to set up at Regional, Zonal and quadripartite levels a central body of people with a wide knowledge of Germany, the Germans and of politics, with the job of reviewing in the light of the general interest all policy decisions made by the individual divisions at their own level.

The problem of unco-ordinated actions by British authorities goes outside the ranks of the Control Commission itself. In any normal society the armed forces are the instrument of the government and subject to its will. Until comparatively recently, the Control Commission, the government of the Zone, was the handmaid of the British forces of occupation. To-day it is admitted to a status of equality with them. If we are to show any example of democratic methods and if we are to give any unity of purpose to our administrations, the armed forces, and in particular the Army, must be brought under the control of the Control Commission.

Again, it is not enough that a personal union exists through the unity of the offices of Military Governor and Commander-in-Chief. Housing is as big a problem as any that the Commission has to solve, and yet they have no power to wrest from the Army the large amount of unnecessary requisitioned property which remains in its possession. The occupation forces get smaller, but there is no perceptible decrease in the property requisitioned and still requisitions go on. In Hanover, at the beginning of December, 7,700 refugees were homeless, most of them sleeping on concrete floors in Nissen huts or air-raid shelters. Few people, including the Germans, will contend that the British soldiers and officials in Germany should not have their families to live with them. The numbers who wish to go out are small and, housed in accordance with a sensible plan, they would take up little room and possibly be more comfortable than they are to-day when they suffer under a hundred pin-pricks of inefficiency in Army administration. The point of view of the Army has, however, prevailed in this plan. The private soldier and his family must be decently housed, and men of higher rank must be housed in relatively better accommodation, in order that the distinction of rank may be effectively preserved. The Army must no longer be in a position to act as an independent power, and in particular its accommodation should be submitted to searching civilian scrutiny.

The requisitioning policy is bitterly resented by the Germans, who see civilian housing conditions becoming daily more intolerable while requisitioned accommodation is wasted. Max Brauer, the vigorous Social-Democratic Mayor of Hamburg, has protested at the requisitioning of virtually all hotels, many places of amusement, swimming baths, dance halls and sports grounds. An exceptionally level-headed and shrewd Social-Democrat stated that it would have an enormous moral effect if the British authorities would, on a selected day, surrender 10 per cent. of the requisitioned accommodation. If the accommodation were administered by the same British authorities who are responsible for supervising German housing, this would be done with ease.

In contrast with both the Americans and the Russians, the British Control authorities have been exceptionally slow in handing over executive authority to the Germans. To-day the local authorities nominally wield such authority, and the State authorities will begin to assume it in the New Year. But such authority as they have is largely illusory. Denazification is now said to be a "German matter." German Committees recommend the removal of Nazis from office, but the act of dismissal is performed by a British officer, who therefore makes the effective decision whether the person concerned shall be dismissed or retained. German local authorities are responsible for housing, but before they can carry out any repair or building work they must get permits for materials from Military Government. In every sphere of activity where scarce materials are involved—and that is practically every sphere—the ultimate decision rests with the British.

When the State Governments take over executive power they will still be under Military Government orders in every branch of administration except Education and Health. In specifying the powers of the State Government the Control Commission has retained very far-reaching powers as trustee for a future German Government. This is clearly desirable from the point of view of safeguarding central economic planning and preventing the excessive decentralisation to be found in the American Zone. But to-day the powers reserved to the centre are wielded either by Military Government or by bureaucratic German administrations without popular control. Democracy cannot be furthered by a mixture of military dictatorship and bureaucracy. The constitutional problem is a difficult one, but a solution must be found which enables popular control to be exercised over those who are administering the reserved powers at Zonal or Bi-Zonal level, and steps must be urgently taken to make the lower German authorities really responsible for the administration of their areas. The desperate conditions which exist to-day and the widespread corruption and malpractice are giving rise to an urgent demand by the public for really forceful measures to deal with the hoarding Germans, the black marketeers, and other parasites. Such action can only be taken by German authorities, and only they can really hope to cut through the present mass of red tape.

At present, the German local authorities are quite powerless to get their instructions obeyed. The German practice, under the Republic as well as under Hitler, was for the police to be responsible for the execution of administrative orders. There is nothing fundamentally undemocratic about it. It just is not the British practice. The British have replaced this procedure by the British system. Prosecution can only be instituted for offences against the law or against Military Government order. This is an admirable system where those concerned understand it and times are normal. In Germany nobody understands it, and the chaotic state of society makes its operation impossible. As a result, local authorities order farmers to produce certain quotas of food, and farmers just laugh. No one can enforce the order. This is just one example of the way in which purely British institutions have been forced upon Germany where conditions are completely different. When it is merely a matter of painting mail vans red instead of yellow it is just funny, but the alteration of the whole system of local government can only create administrative chaos at a time when it can least be tolerated. "Democracy" and "British practice" are not synonymous. If democracy is to live in Germany it must be an organic growth.

ASHLEY BRAMALL

A LONDON DIARY

Mr. Bevin's broadcast was both confident and optimistic. He obviously feels that real progress was made in the last three weeks at New York, not merely in reaching agreement on the Peace Treaties, but in the vastly more important task of re-establishing mutual confidence between the Big Three. There are many influential Americans who have been urging that Russian concessions should be treated as a sign of weakness—the direct result of the policy of the big squeeze—and should be exploited immediately in an Anglo-American diplomatic offensive. Mr. Bevin has rejected this policy by his declaration that Great Britain "lies midway in geography and way of life between America and Soviet Russia and . . . does not tie herself to anybody except in regard to her obligations under the Charter." This is a repudiation of the Fulton speech and of the defence of his policy propounded by some of his ardent supporters; it will be very welcome to the "abstentionists" in the House and to the whole Labour Movement. How will those people react to it who have been violently attacking the "abstentionists" for opposing an Anglo-American *entente?* Mr. Bevin apparently will have nothing to do with an *entente* or with the idea that our common democratic tradition ties us closer to the U.S.A. than to the U.S.S.R. We can hope that, since he opposes all special ties, he will persuade the Cabinet to dispense with the Anglo-American Combined Chiefs of Staff and transfer the informal talks on Anglo-American arms standardisation to the Military Committee of the United Nations.

* * *

Pravda's rebuke to *Red Fleet*, the Soviet Navy newspaper, is encouraging. Its tribute to British and American seamen and to the gallantry of the Arctic convoys in particular is in effect a satisfactory form of apology. Certainly there never was an occasion on which an apology was more obviously called for. No operations were carried out in more terrible conditions or demanded more exceptional qualities of endurance and courage: the degree of success, in view of the total lack of air cover and the extraordinary efforts of the enemy to prevent safe arrivals was remarkable. I know that individually Russians appreciate the worth of these convoys and are ashamed of the meanness of *Red Fleet's* attack on sailors, some of whom were actually decorated by Stalin. The Russians go from one extreme to another. For a time our help is heroic. Then comes a political change—what was heroism yesterday becomes capitalist treachery or something of the sort to-day. *Pravda's* criticism of the unworthy comments in *Red Fleet* makes me hope that some of Russia's publicists, at least, realise that the political scene cannot be painted in unrelieved black and white.

* * *

No part of the Government policy is so imaginative as the New Town scheme, and its success largely depends on the way it is explained to the public. I was pleased therefore to see a quite excellent B.C.A. pamphlet on the subject by Sir Henry Bunbury, and to hear a few nights ago an enthusiastic broadcast by Clough Williams-Ellis. Mr. Silkin has wisely chosen as Chairman of the Committee in charge of his first new town at Stevenage a man who is known everywhere for imagination and boldness. It could be objected of course that the picture that Williams-Ellis gave of what Stevenage might be like in 1950 was highly coloured and over-optimistic. But it was the right kind of optimism, because nothing he said was impossible, and if people can believe in the possibility, something very closely resembling his dream of a new community life can really be achieved. For myself, I could do with more of that particular kind of optimism.

* * *

The spirit of Nelson is abroad among bus-drivers: your signal is not for them to read. It is not uncommon to see a line of supplicants at a bus stop with their arms raised in rigid unison towards an approaching bus—and to observe, as their heads pivot to watch the half-empty vehicle sweep by, how the bleak light of propitiation is chased across their faces by the shadow of rage. Nearly everyone complains about this. What can be done? You can take the number of the bus and write to London Transport; but as no driver will have noticed anyone waiting at the bus stop, there is little the Board can do. Nor can the police do anything effective. At one time they could prosecute bus drivers for what the old Hackney Carriage Acts expansively called "wilful misbehaviour," but all these provisions were repealed by the Road Traffic Act, 1930. The ideal bus driver is now prescribed by Regulations made in 1936 by the Minister of Transport; these require him to "behave in a civil and orderly manner," but they do not require him to stop anywhere, whether at a request stop or at a fare stage, and whether you signal to him or not. So there is nothing you can do but curse. I suppose the theory is that the buses must run to time, even if they forgo the luxury of having to stop for the subsidiary purpose of picking up passengers.

* * *

It is easy to see how different Oxford to-day is from pre-war Oxford. Queues for books, people working on the floor of the Radcliffe Camera, two undergraduates in every room, and an average age of 26. A rather longer stay made me wonder whether the change had been so deep. There is a quiet sense of urgency on the part of the ex-Service undergraduates both because many are trying to cram 3 years work into 18 months, and because preparing for a career seems more urgent at 26 than at 19. But there is still plenty of time for extravagances. A sherry party was given to celebrate the purchase of a silk flowered waistcoat in the tradition and close to the rooms of Oscar Wilde. Laments about the decadence of the modern generation were partly stilled by the fact that the host had been a Chindit. The traditional charades of the Newlands Society seemed to have lost none of their Aristophanic vigour; indeed the depiction of Gambetta during the siege of Paris, which the audience at once identified as Victor Gollancz in Hamburg, seemed to show that there was no danger of a decline in the art of the violin however brightly Rome burns.

* * *

Some day it would be interesting to analyse the characteristics of a good *This England* entry. (The bad entries, which occasionally slip through, are remarks only funny because they are torn from the context or remarks that were intentionally funny). If you read the new collected *This England* 1940–1946 (selected by Michael Barsley and delightfully illustrated by Nicholas Bentley, published by this journal at 2*s*.) you will see that many of the best are incautious and revealing remarks such as:—

> Sunday, October 7th, Harvest Festival. Our thanksgiving this year will be real and sincere in the knowledge that thousands in Europe will die of starvation this winter.

Then there are the entries that suggest, by naive example, changes in British social customs and morals, or the development of new Anglo-Saxon attitudes. Take this war-time letter in a woman's paper:—

> My friend takes me several rides a week in his employer's car when he has to go into the local town. It worries me, because I know he expects a kiss. I don't mind that, really, but I do feel, as it isn't his car, it is not necessary to kiss him.

Then there are the entries which are complete short stories in themselves; see, for instance, the case of Father Christmas, whose late arrival was due, as the Mayor explained, to the fact that the "Town Council inadvertently sent the cesspool emptier to meet him instead of a lorry."

Amongst other types I cannot myself dismiss the merely silly. I like this advert:—

> Wanted, urgently, companion for lonely peacock, peahen preferred.

That reminds me of Julian Huxley's favourite Zoo story—which, I've no doubt, has already been used by the new Director of Unesco to enliven some otherwise uninspiring Committee meeting. He relates that when a lady visiting the hippopotamus house asked whether the hippopotamus was male or female, the keeper replied: "That, madam, is a matter which should only interest another hippopotamus."

Critic

THE BLESSÉD DAMOSEL OF PORTLAND PLACE

(After Dante Gabriel Rossetti.)

The blesséd B.B.C. look'd out,
Of earthly soilure shriven,
Her seem'd her radiant Hartnell robe
Was white as snowflakes driven.
(She did not lean across the bar,
There are no bars in Heaven.)

Enthroned upon ethereal waves,
For wavelengths are all hers,
She led the semi-sacred song
Of unseen choristers—
I wis there hearken'd unto her
Ten million listeners.

Her girdle was of emerald
With sapphire clasp and link,
Her ankle gleamed through Nylon sheer,
Her mantle was of mink,
And underneath her hem there peeped
The pansy and the pink.

She purified the Programme Light,
Yea, each unseemly word!
Home Programmes serving every home
Her mystic vacuum stirred,
Whereon she soared to starrier spheres
And tuned in to the Third.

Yea, wafting odours sanctified,
Commingled with Chanel,
She meetly reigned in Portland Place,
The blesséd Damosel,
Nowise did millions her beteem
A chartered Jezebel.

But now the voice of rumour doth
Disturb the holy chant,
They say the bottle and the bribe
Tempt radio's maiden aunt—
No more *sans furs et sans reproche*,
Her halo's knocked aslant.

And sith the tongue of calumny
Broadcasting House deplores,
The blesséd Damosel is led
Before the Governors.
Yea, verily; she's on the mat,
Behind the golden doors!

Sagittarius

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to C. Grosett.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A fish-frier who wanted a Rolls-Royce to carry guests at his daughter's wedding at fashionable St. Ann's Church was to-day awarded five guineas damages as compensation for his loss of prestige when "inferior" cars were supplied.—*Daily Mail.*

For my part I would rather work all day, and Christmas Day as well, than have five minutes' holiday at the instigation of any trade unionist.—Letter in *Evening News.*

And if you feel exotic and extravagant you *could* have some tiny jewelled nose clips.—*Woman and Beauty.*

Furnished two-roomed flat, ground floor, W.14, offered to Siamese cat owners, 45*s*. weekly inclusive. Write Box—. —*Kensington News and West London Times.*

THE CHINESE INTELLIGENTSIA

NOWHERE in the world has the intelligentsia played a more important role in national life than in China. As the ideographic characters, which form the basis of the written language, are themselves a special art, the mastering of which generally requires a dozen years at the least, an intellectual is not only a member of a privileged class, but also an indispensable personage for the state. He is supposed to be a wise man, because he can read. The old saying "A learned man does not have to go out of the door in order to know everything in the universe" is still regarded as truth. His function is to enlighten and to teach the people and therefore his job is that of the high priest and administrator. In fact he can be anything of importance in the country but the supreme ruler.

Nine cases out of ten, the builders of dynasties in Chinese history were either boorish leaders of famished rebelling peasantry or chieftains of semi-civilised tribes, such as the Mongols and the Manchus. But as soon as such upstarts got settled down as Emperors they would invite the intellectuals to help them run the State, of which they were totally ignorant, on the sole condition that the learned guests remained absolutely loyal and faithful to them. With the co-operation of the intellectuals, who always commanded great respect and confidence among the people, the administrative machinery immediately began to function; there followed a period of peace and order and general prosperity, and sometimes a golden age of art and literature to glorify the dynasty.

With his special position in the society as such, a Chinese intellectual was not primarily a poet or an artist, nor even a philosopher. To compose poetry or to paint scrolls was only a pastime to be practised in his old age or during exile—banishment was often his lot when he showed much individuality and independence. To be a successful "learned gentleman," two things were required of him: personal integrity (interpreted as loyalty to the ruler) and discipline in daily life. Confucius stressed particularly these two points in his teachings as the prerequisites for the accomplishment of learning. When the last Emperor of the Shang Dynasty, a brutal, lascivious man, was killed by the leader of the discontented mob, the builder of the Chow Empire, the Prime Minister of the old regime retired into the mountains and lived on a diet of grass, because the sense of loyalty compelled him to refuse the rice grown by the people who now owed allegiance to the conqueror. Later on, when somebody suggested to the self-exiled minister that even the grass belonged to the new ruler since it grew in his territory, the poor old man starved himself to death. Commenting on this incident to his disciples, Confucius extolled him as "the brave, righteous man," although he abhored the ruler whom the minister had served.

Of course it was impossible for all the intellectuals to commit suicide when the government changed hands. Nor was it feasible for them to remain loyal when they were kicked out of office. What would they do then? Happily there exists another school of thought, Taoism, preached by Lao Tzu, which has always saved them from this dilemma. It is a sort of nihilism, but its application to life is rather positive than negative. It advocates laughter, relaxation and a general contempt for anything serious, particularly politics. Almost every Chinese intellectual is equipped with this retreat. He is imbibed with the idea from the moment he learns to read poetry and prose. So when he is frustrated or disappointed, not only with State affairs but also with personal adventures, he instinctively takes to Taoism. Incidentally, it is only when he becomes a Taoist that he starts creative writing. Chinese literature and art, therefore, are inseparable from this philosophy. Perhaps it is due to this change of attitude that the intellectual finally frees himself from Confucian pedantry and becomes warmly human.

So the life of a Chinese intellectual can be roughly divided into two periods, the period of prose and that of poetry. Generally speaking, when he is young and full of vitality, he is as dry as sawdust; but when his hair begins to turn grey he becomes romantic. In the past, even though he did not suffer from frustration or banishment, and remained in office as an administrative guest of the court, he was seldom able to resist the spontaneous temptation of Taoism when he approached forty years of age, a time when, according to Confucius, a learned man ought to understand life. It was at this age that he began to get interested in drinking tea, in chatting with friends, and in making love—alas! he was too fragile to sing serenades under the chilly moon (hence there is no romantic love in Chinese poetry); so he would get a concubine instead. His influence on the people, therefore, was rigid at first, but human in the long run. His rigidity helped to keep the society in good order. His humanity restrained the people from becoming automatons. And this is where his values lay. He kept the *status quo*. All the rulers of China, no matter how ambitious they may have been, never demanded more than the *status quo*.

This *status quo*, however, was disrupted by the invasion of Western and, later on, Japanese capitalism. The old traditional economic system, based on agriculture and family handicraft industry, met its inevitable death in face of this new force. The result was of course utter chaos in national life. This created a vicious circle: first it was poverty, and then general unrest, which was in turn followed by further upheavals. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Republic, considered his country to be semi-colonial and dependent economically—therefore also politically—on foreign Powers. When the politics of a nation is not determined by the people, but by international interests, it goes without saying that the character of the administrative class changes. The traditional dualism of Confucianism and Taoism becomes therefore out of date. The new standard of value reduces the intellectual to a nonentity. His existence, in the eyes of the new politicians, is a mere joke.

As the "men of learning" became unimportant, there was no need for the new politicians to be intellectuals. And as a matter of fact, they were not. They were something between foreign commercial agents (in Shanghai pidgin English: *compradore*) and missionary stewards. They certainly did not have to read Confucius, still less Lao Tzu. They did not even have to speak Chinese, let alone write ideographic characters. For a time documents had to be composed in a foreign language, although they might deal with national economic affairs. For a time, to have an audience with these officials one had to talk in English, although their accent was much more akin to the Shanghai dialect than to the tongue of the Anglo-Saxons. In short, they were everything but Chinese. To allow them to rule an old-fashioned people, four hundred and fifty million in number, was equivalent to asking a blind man to ride a wild horse. The consequence is obvious.

But where have the intellectuals gone? The Confucians have no reason to commit suicide. Nor have the Taoists quiet mountains into which to retire, now that railways and motor roads and aeroplanes and, above all, wars, have stretched to every corner of the country. For the first time during three thousand years of history the Chinese intellegentsia was facing a great dilemma.

It was only during the first world economic depression in the early 'thirties that the Chinese intellectuals began to find a way out and adjust themselves to the new situation. Instead of adhering to the court which was now non-existent, or retreating to the mountains which was impossible, they resolved to go to the people. But they have not given up their old masters yet; it seems that in the coming one or two generations Confucius and Lao Tzu will still exercise great influences on their life. They still remain at heart Confucians when they are young, and Taoists after forty, although the neo-Confucians refuse to call their teacher Confucius, but Karl Marx. This explains why most of the Chinese Communist leaders are unbelievably energetic—they are all young intellectuals—and pedantic and austere, too.

The neo-Taoists have found sanctuary in the universities and cultural institutes. As they are all above forty and therefore "ought to know more about life" and have passed the stage of Confucianism, they bother little about the orthodoxy of Lao Tzu. All they care is to make life easy under the worst possible conditions. That is why in spite of the meagre salary which provides them less calories than the Germans now have, they still manage to laugh over a cup of diluted tea, and have thus succeeded in carrying on academic teaching during the long war. The institutes of higher learning have never been so flourishing in China as during the conflict with Japan.

But for the future, the Taoists seem of less importance, because, after all, they are old and perhaps even dying owing to the fact that they are getting less and less calories every day. And no one seems to bother much about them either, since they are harmless. What seems of greater consequence is rather the neo-Confucians. Will they follow the natural course of life characteristic of the traditional Chinese intellectual and become Taoists when their hair begins to turn grey? If so, what will the Chinese Communism be like? It is an extremely interesting problem, not only for China, but also for the world. We still have a few more years to wait and see, but not too long.

CHUN-CHAN YEH

TOO MANY ACQUITTALS?

IT is announced that the Government have ordered an investigation into the jury system: the question of payment will be reviewed, and new qualifications and age limits may be fixed. Juries had practically disappeared from civil actions, mainly owing to the war; and their return, on the occasion of Professor Laski's libel action, was welcomed by the Judge because that case was one of "strong political passion" unsuitable for trial by a Judge alone. At present, it is only "civil" juries that get paid—and they are paid by the litigants, not by the Court: a shilling a case if they are a "common jury," and one guinea a case (or a guinea a day) if they are a "special" jury—e.g., "esquires and persons of higher degree." All juries in criminal trials are common juries, and nobody pays them anything. They greatly outnumber civil juries, though as a rule their work excites far less attention; and the effect of any reform will be felt in the criminal courts more than anywhere else.

There is general agreement that criminal juries ought to be paid, or at least that they should not be out of pocket. Several Judges have strongly expressed this view in the last two or three years. But there is still a strong body of opinion that the best reform of the jury system would be to abolish it. Juries, it is said, are incompetent, confused, embarrassed and gullible; they cause more injustice than they avert by the number of guilty criminals they let off.

If you could examine a completed "Calendar of Prisoners" after any average session of Assize or Quarter Sessions in England and Wales, you would see that about a quarter of all the people tried by jury for criminal offences are found "not guilty." Of these, the great majority are in fact guilty, the very small remainder having, perhaps, been wrongly charged through an extraordinary combination of circumstances. A startling statement, perhaps, but only another way of saying that "not guilty" means something quite different from "innocent."

There are many reasons for this. One is, of course, that cases are sometimes inadequately prepared. Another is the comparative frequency with which something goes fatally wrong during the trial—some error of procedure or evidence which cries out to be taken to the Court of Criminal Appeal and which must not on any account be allowed to get there. Another is the innocent incredulity of many jurors: they just don't believe that people can possibly behave in the way they are alleged to have done (and the fact that they pay rates on £20 worth of house property is no reason why they should believe it.) "Some of the juries I've seen," an old barrister told me once, "ought to be taken out into a wood, laid down gently side by side, and covered over with leaves." Another reason is the impossibility of defining, for the benefit of some jurors, the expression "reasonable doubt;" they think it means anything short of absolute certainty. You can't really be certain a man is guilty of an offence, they seem to say, unless you saw him do it. And a further reason is the repugnance many people feel in handing over a captive to be punished—especially if they disapprove or (as they often do in manslaughter cases) misconceive the nature of the punishment. Wilfully perverse verdicts of "not guilty" in cases like these have forced many humane reforms in the criminal law.

Because the law of England regards it as infinitely worse that an innocent man should be convicted than that a guilty man should go free, guilty men go free in their thousands; and, once the jury-foreman has pronounced the words "not guilty," it makes no difference if the prisoner shouts from the dock "You're all wrong—I did it, and I'll tell you how." No-one will listen to him; though if he goes on too long and resists those who are ejecting him into freedom he may be charged with contempt of Court. If, on being thus ejected, a murderer goes forthwith to a police station to confess and give himself up, the police can do nothing for him; and they in turn will eject him if he doesn't go away. "You've been acquitted by a jury," they will tell him, "and that's the end of it. It's no use your saying you did it: the law says you didn't. Good-day." And even if someone else gives himself up for having had a share in the same murder, and implicates the man who has been acquitted, he may be charged with murder himself—but alone; no further proceedings can be taken against the acquitted man. (The latter will not even be charged with perjury—practically all prisoners who plead "not guilty" tell lies in the witness-box, and they are never punished for it.)

Does this make sense? The layman will regard it as sheer lunacy until he recognizes it as an extreme example of the absolute power of a criminal jury, a necessary consequence of the English system of putting the burden of proof on the prosecution. In France, if the police say that you have committed a crime, it is for you to prove that you haven't; in England, the police must prove that you have. So if the English police charge a murderer too early, charge him, that is to say, before they have collected every conceivable item of relevant evidence, the discovery of that further evidence after his acquittal will be of no avail. In many cases, this chance has to be taken; in others, the murderer remains, perhaps for years, uneasily at large; and in yet others, acquitted murderers at large may rest secure in the knowledge that no fresh evidence can ever imperil them.

Most people with long experience of the criminal courts believe that it is practically impossible for an innocent person to be actually sent before a jury. Before it gets so far, a case encounters too many hurdles for that. Somewhere in the chain of preliminaries, the fact that the man is innocent must become unmistakably clear. A Magistrate can discharge a man accused of murder (though this is no bar to his being charged again on fresh evidence); and so can the officer in charge of a police station. A Judge can stop a trial at any time after the case for the prosecution is completed and direct the jury to say "not guilty." But manifest innocence is so different from inadequately demonstrated guilt. Cases of wrongful conviction, which usually achieve notoriety, are generally cases of conviction on inadequate evidence, not of people condemned for something they have not done.

There is a bad side to this frequency of acquittals. It hampers the psychological treatment of offenders by helping to build up their own wishfully-conceived façade of innocence; it leaves a sense of bewilderment and injustice in the minds of defrauded or frightened prosecutors—particularly women victims of assault; and it often puts difficulties in the way of legal protection for child victims, where the beneficent powers of the Courts are largely dependent on the conviction of the offender.

A nation so devoted to the "sporting chance" will run its courts like competitions; but to maintain the system, we let off about one in four of our criminals. It is rather unsporting to plead guilty.

C. H. ROLPH.

THE COLLECTION

It happens (when it does happen) on Sunday mornings. On weekdays, when he has to go to his factory, he is the first up, but on Sunday mornings he lies in. He awakens and first of all he looks at his wife who is curled up like a white grub, with her hair all over her eyes. Typical. What a muddle she makes of sleeping; not like other women he knows. Of course he doesn't mean that he knows what other women are like in bed, never has; but that is one black mark against her: he has been faithful to her: she might at least keep her hair tidy. And then there was last night—surely at their age, forty-five or whatever it is, without being vulgar about it—well (he thinks), I married a woman who doesn't understand the word "progress." He turns his face away, looks at the starchy white ceiling and lies there disturbed by the strange silence of the house. That's it: just because it's Sunday and he's not getting up, *they* aren't getting up. Why shouldn't *they* get up for a change?

"Edward, Philip, Rose," he shouts to the children. "Get up." And then to his wife whose wakening eyes glitter like a pair of ants under her hair: "Come on, girl."

"Sunday," he says poetically. "Look at the sun. It is streaming in. Look at the sky. Listen to the birds. They're not wasting the day."

But nobody moves.

After this the usual thing happens. It is surprising how no one understands him in the house; he has to lose his temper and start shouting at the lazy hounds, the curs, to get the family to their feet.

"Oh you," says his wife, to whom he has given a push. "You never give anyone any peace." And she gets out of bed stark naked. She is thin and round shouldered and her neck is red.

"Here, here, I say," he says jovially, but he hates that about her more than anything. He closes his eyes at the sight.

"Pah," he says to himself. "There's no getting away from it. I married beneath me."

Downstairs in the kitchen, the children are mooching, laying the table, kicking the furniture—he can hear that—cleaning his boots, scared that they are getting blacking on the laces or skimping the heels.

He is lying in bed, listening to them, when suddenly he remembers:

"Good God, this Sunday I'm taking the collection."

He is out of bed at once, standing in his collapsing pyjamas. Why didn't someone remind him?

The children go to the bottom of the stairs and listen.

"He's in the bath," they say.

Twenty minutes go by, half an hour, an hour. The mystery of his toilet reigns over it. One after another the children tiptoe and listen.

Enormous volumes of water, as if the Congo were pouring into the house, are heard in the bathroom, sounds like the breathing and thumping of boxers, silences so long that he may have drowned. Then, through the keyhole, they see him shave; the dark rhino cheek frilled by soap, straining, Christianwise, to turn from the mirror, while the sacrificial blade comes down. When he is back in his room, they see him put on his blue suit and blue shirt and then take them off again. A hot smell of scent fills his room as he rubs three different lotions into his black hair while he considers the problem. He is taking the collection. Would the brown or the grey be more suitable? Or would it not be best to wear his tail coat and his striped trousers? He puts on a wing collar which bites at his throat and slices into his jowl. He puts on a silvery tie. Then he goes and disdains himself in the mirror.

The spy creeps down and a stair-rod comes out on the last tread.

"Confound you, you clumsy hound, what are you doing," he roars from the mirror.

"He's nearly ready, mum," the spy whispers.

Treading like a cat, floating silkily down, watching the amazing stripes of his trousers, with the gravity of a mourner, a little distracted like a bridegroom by the flash of his spats which might make him misjudge the steps if he were not careful, he arrives downstairs and pauses in the doorway and puts on the impersonal yet benevolent scowl he intends to wear as he stands at the end of the pews waiting for the plate to come down the row. A plate in fact arrives; it is a plate of porridge rushed towards him by his wife.

"Oh," she cries stopping dead, tipping the plate. "You give me a fright."

"Give!" he says. "Gave. I'm taking the collection. Am I all right?"

Doesn't she know that it is an important thing to take the collection at the chapel, that people have their eye on you, that it has got to be done properly, and that people say, There's £20-a-week taking the collection. And in a sense, God is looking too. God is saying "That's it. Don't spare the expense. I want the best."

"Give me a brush," he says, "And the back." I look after *my* clothes. Where are those boys? Aren't they coming to church?"

"I don't know where they are," she says.

"Give the brush to me," he says.

"They were here," she says. "They're outside, I expect."

"Outside!" he shouts, hitting himself with the brush, lashing himself up. "I don't understand you, outside! The only day their father is home, they're outside. . . ."

He bangs the brush down. He is beginning to sweat.

"You'll be late," she says to him.

"Edward, Philip," he roars at the door, wiping his hat. There is no answer. "Come here when I call you," He puts his hat on. No answer.

"Come and watch your father go. He's going. Come and watch." She calls in her lighter voice. He stands there waiting, looking as though he will explode.

"If I had behaved like this to my father," he raps out, "I'd have been thrashed within an inch of my life."

But he has marched off, slamming the gate, as they creep up from the back of the house.

The garrulous church bells are stirring up the morning heat. No obedience, he thinks (once he is out of the house), no discipline, no love. No religion. That's her doing. No God. No progress. You might as well cast your pearls before swine. Idle hounds lounging about in the shed. Slack, don't wash. I slave all the week for their education and what do I get? They bleed you, that's what children do, bleed you white. The Government's the same, bleeds you with taxation. Who goes to church nowadays? No one. Who believes in God—look at the state of the world for the answer. Why did we have a war? Perhaps if it could be reckoned up, if you could get some really good accountant at it, it would turn out that I am the only one who really believes in the Truth. Many think they do; but do they?

Gradually, like the unfolding of a white rose in the sun, an intoxicating sensation of conspicuousness opens in his mind. He feels that he is flashing with sadness. And then as he gets near to the granite chapel, he is happy. He sees the shabby people go in. They turn to look at him and whisper. Hard, severe, is he? Maybe.

He himself goes into the chapel and looks at the small congregation. The believers are few. They are indeed the elect but the elect look dispirited. In the half empty chapel he gazes at the red brick walls and he is calmed. He rises to sing, he kneels to pray, he sits.

He is awakened by the organ. Before he is ready for it, the time to take the collection has come. On the other side of the aisle he sees Mr. Doncaster—wearing an ordinary brown suit—begin his collection as the organ mews and growls like an animal up in the loft. He stands up very upright—unlike Mr. Doncaster who is round-shouldered—he puts on the impersonal, official expression—not like Mr. Doncaster's who leans over the congregation thanking them disgustingly like a grocer—he affects not to hear the chink of coins in the plate and raises his eyes to the rafters if there is the rustle of a note. He takes the plate and hands it to the next row with a forbidding patience. He would like to take Mr. Doncaster's side as well, because the pleasure of being given money for nothing has a touch of folly which only a man who has risen in the world can know. And then, as the organ rolls, he and Mr. Doncaster walk together, dead level, slowly—he can feel the eyes of the congregation on him, almost heavily on him tipping the chapel down on his side like a scale pan—he and Mr. Doncaster, like bridegroom and bride, walk up the central aisle; and after, placing their offerings, return with the same gravity. And all the time he is thinking, Doncaster must feel a fool not being in black.

A sensation of being swept upwards by his spatted feet, upwards toward some expensive radiance, cool, fleshless and flawless overcomes him as if he were drunk. His eyes shine and twinkle, his cheeks are pink and happy. The sermon begins. The minister is barking away in the oak pulpit. Soon he hears nothing but he looks round the chapel. A house with natural oak everywhere is what he would like, with tall, church-like windows on the stairs, an organ in the wide entrance hall, an open fire as wide as the chapel at the communion rail; gradually the chapel turns into a feudal castle, armour everywhere, himself in a kilt. His wife and children drift about in it, delightful creatures. Yes, he thinks, they are the children of God, we have put off the old Adam. His dreamy eyes come down from the chapel walls and he sees the yellow bald head of old Doncaster. Yes, he says, poor old Doncaster who doesn't brush his coat—yes, God made him, too.

"I'm hungry," he says. "What an appetite! Going to chapel does you good, sets you up. I wonder what there is for lunch."

Reluctantly he leaves the chapel, the scene of his vision. He has been in heaven. He marvels at the contradictions of his nature, he walks back home. At first he notices how well all the houses are painted and then the pleasant accent of people. The neighbourhood is going up. Then, he notices, the property deteriorates. Fences are not so good, a gate hinge has gone. It's the war. His temperature lowers a little. He arrives at his own house. It is at the corner of the street and he notices, for the first time, that a paling has gone. The hedge has not been cut. A bush at the corner rocks like a broom. The boys are trampling down the garden again. He goes to his high gate. It sticks. He has to shake and rattle and then call. "Edward! Philip!" There is no answer. Yet distinctly he had heard them. He is obliged to dirty his gloves and his hands, forcing the confounded gate open. And what a sight: that paper left on the path.

"Edward," he says. "Come here. What's this?"

"Paper, father."

"What paper?"

"Just paper, father."

"Who put it there?"

"I don't know."

Edward's alarmed eyes are fixed on his father's. He cannot take them away. In that coat, that collar, so naked at the neck, behind the bars of those striped trousers, he looks militant and tigerish.

"When did you clean your boots?" says the father, sudden in his attack.

The boy flinches.

"This morning."

"Don't lie," says the father. "Why can't you tell the truth? A man who doesn't tell the truth, fearlessly, in all circumstances, come what may, forfeits my trust. If a man lies to me in my business I sack him—on the spot. Pick that paper up."

He goes into the house.

"Philip," he calls. "Why isn't the table laid? Do you expect your father and mother to slave for you? Don't you know there are no servants? I suppose you think you are a lord or something. Let me tell you, in this world, we are all servants."

He marches into the kitchen. As he advances, he notices a shadow goes with him. Smiles vanish; scowls, evasions, furtive, deceitful, lying looks pass over the faces of his family. It is all so unlike the communion of saints.

"Don't crash the forks on that table," he calls back down the passage. "You would have to pay £80 for it to-day."

His wife is still in her old apron, the sweat from the heat of the fire is on her face as she kneels. He goes out of the kitchen as quickly as he can.

The family are sitting down to lunch.

"Stop kicking the table, Philip," he says, as he carves. He glares. They all lower their eyes.

"Take that plate, pass it down, it's not for yourself. Think of others," he says. "Others before self always, the golden rule." And then he looks at Edward.

"Edward," he says. "What have you done to your hair?"

"Nothing."

"I told you before about lying. Why have you got your best suit on, getting yourself up like that, what's the idea?"

"Edward wants to go out," says Philip.

"What's that?" he says. "What's that Edward? Did I understand that you want to go out?"

"On Sunday?" he says. "Your father's only day at home and you want to go out. I never heard of such a thing."

The father goes pale as if he had cut himself with the carving knife.

"You stay in and shut up, Edward," says his mother. "You cause enough trouble as it is. Get on with your food."

"Go out with who?" says the father. "Who is it you value more than your father and mother. It's not some girl, is it? I won't have you go with girls. I don't want trouble with girls at your age. Oh, I'm glad to hear it. You're not telling me lies, are you? You tell lies. I know you deceive me, lie and deceive, but you can't deceive God. He sees, He knows when you're telling lies. I don't like people who tell lies. I don't like boys who aren't friends with their fathers. It's not some girl? Look me in the face."

"No," says Edward in a weak voice. Tears are very near his eyes. A light glints in the father's eyes. He has seen the son's weakness.

"N'no, N'no. I don't understand that language. Be straightforward. If you mean yes, say yes. If you mean no, say no. N'n'no. I never heard of it. Sit up straight and speak to your father. Go on now—what is it?"

Tears pour into Edward's eyes, tears of rage and shame and rush down his cheeks.

"I just want to go out. I want to get away from this," he shouts, but he is crying so hard that no one understands. He shouts and cries, starts up and goes out of the room, knocking his chair over.

"Look what you've done!" shouts the wife, banging down her knife and fork. "I can't stand this. Every Sunday the same. I'm going too."

And crying also, she leaves the table.

The father gapes at the astonishing scene. He looks down gently at the other children. What on earth have I done, he silently asks them. He suspects they are going to move, too.

"Stop where you are," he says.

He stands there. The food is going cold on his plate. It is all so stupefying, so sudden. He feels that lions are inside him rending him apart. He feels that he is like Samson, the hairy Samson of the Bible, who has pulled down the temple crashing on top of him. The day he has taken the collection, too.

Thank God, he thinks, I shall be at the office to-morrow. People understand me there.

Of course, he gets them back. It takes a bit of doing, the lunch is cold, but she heats it up again. Everyone has a good cry and while they're at it, he goes up and changes into another suit. Everyone is shy and disappointed and sorry for him after that; and, not to annoy him, no one goes out. They stay in the room with him, all of them, and in their midst he falls asleep. He sleeps and sleeps and his snores rise and dive, cavort and turn over like fighters in the room. And waking at last at the end of the afternoon, he looks at them with surprise. It's all gone, he has forgiven them.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

THE broadcasting year 1946 falls helplessly into two uneven periods: that before the inception of the Third Programme, and the three Utopian months which succeeded September 29th. One would prefer not to have to say it, but the central fact of the present situation is that the débutante has reduced her middle-aged sister, the Home Service, to the status of a poor relation, and a pretty frumpy one at that. The surprising thing is that the Light Programme, benefiting by five years in the A.T.S. or whatever, has positively improved her prospects by some deft touches of make-up (e.g. *Women's Hour*) and now competes successfully with her sisters on grounds of extreme accessibility, helped out by the scraps of learning and the open-mindedness traditional in Aspasia. But it is time I relinquished this intoxicating metaphor and got down to the statutory catalogue of praise.

First prize divided between Louis MacNeice's *The Dark Tower* and the Jones-Cleverdon *In Parenthesis*. None of the wartime efforts seems to me to have achieved the pathos and intensity of these remarkable pieces. Partly, of course, this must be attributed to the increased length of rehearsals and other amenities of production—improvements which are apt to be overlooked, in comparing broadcasts of 1946 with those of, say, 1943, which laboured under every kind of hideous disability. It may be roughly true that most listeners are not aware of production at all, unless enormous errors are made; but the unconscious satisfaction given by really careful mechanics cannot be disregarded. And here seems the place to pin a star to the lapel of Noël Iliff, for all-round expertise in casting and production. I would be inclined to give my second prize to his reconstruction of *The Wallace Case*, did it not seem fairer to bestow this upon Music Department, as a whole, for its contribution to the Third Programme. Here I am thinking at least as much of the high standard of performances as of the scheme itself, which has been adventurous enough to appease the most inordinate explorer of musical byways. Some of the standard series (Haydn and Beethoven quartets, Wolf songs, and so on) have been especially excellent, others (notably Schubert songs) have been very uneven in quality of performance. In any case I believe it is a mistake to entrust the whole of a series to a single executant or ensemble. For example, very few, if any, pianists would elect to learn, say, *all* Mozart's sonatas, unless required to do so. Individual taste is bound to influence performance; a consideration which, I think, offsets the advantages, however obvious, of a unified interpretation.

Reverting to the spoken word, three further broadcasts stand out, in point of originality, imagination, and intelligence: Sartre's *Huis Clos*, MacNeice's *Enemy of Cant*, and Laurie Lee's *Voyage of Magellan* (in that order). All these were in the Third Programme, but it is the Home Service we have to thank for some remarkably good serials, of which *Dombey and Son* and *Orley Farm* (still running) were perhaps the expected best. I continue to wish that something were done to help listeners who happen to miss instalments or even to start in the middle; and in view of the extreme popularity of these programmes, is there not something to be said for following up a completed serial with a condensed version of it, divided into several acts and occupying a whole evening?

On the principle that absence makes the heart grow fonder, the *How* programmes have retained their hold on our sense of humour by combining infrequency with a re-editing policy that does credit to the wisdom of Stephen Potter. *Return Journey*, a series which we owe to the same producer, remained merely promising for rather too long, but eventually found its feet with V. S. Pritchett's memories of Sedbergh—a programme which was among the best of the year and set a new standard of courage in autobiographical broadcasts.

Talks have given of their best, I am inclined to think, in their adroit management of such things as *Family Relationships*, *Taking it Further*, and other discussion groups. They have earlier, more individual laurels to their credit, and have rested upon them—in the Third Programme, which is the proper place for such displays.

The best moments of poetry have perhaps been incidental to less specialised programmes. I have the impression that the whole question of the broadcasting of lyric verse is once more in a transitional state, which has been rendered temporarily more difficult by the demands of the Third Programme. However that may be, the *Canterbury Tales* at least have been a triumphant success, upholding a standard of speech that, if not new, certainly needed reaffirming.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

FILMS IN 1946

THIS has been easily the best year I have known for films since—in, I find, 1940—I began reviewing them. Three in the masterpiece class! The year began with Cocteau's *L'Eternel Retour*. It had two faults: one, a certain lack of enhancement in the filming, and the other, Cocteau's own statuary love: but despite these, no other film has shown to such a degree the stress of poetic creation. This film failed with the London public. The second has yet to be given its chance. Rouquier's *Farrebique, ou les Quatre Saisons*, shown twice during the Festival of French Films at the Scala, is a documentary of a year on a French farm, and together with a visual beauty that puts it on a level with Dovshenko's *Earth* and Flaherty's *Moana*, it gives to documentary a new tension and idiom. This is a very recent and surprising development of French cinema, and I hope we shall not have to wait the usual five years or so before *Farrebique* is given its initial public run. These delays make it certain that we shall always lag a little in the creative endeavour by which (and not by business deals) the tenour of films is decided. The public such a film would reach is small? Of course; and infinitesimal is the number of people on whom our ability to produce good or second-rate films will depend. The third of the trio, Carl Dreyer's *Day of Wrath*, can still be seen at the Academy. It was reviewed so recently that I need say no more about it here, except that it creates its own standards, not those of current film-making, and triumphs by means of them.

For once, in drawing up an inventory of the year's best, it has been difficult to know what to leave out. Here is the list:

L'Eternel Retour. Cocteau. France.
Farrebique, ou les Quatre Saisons. Rouquier. France.
Day of Wrath. Carl Dreyer Denmark
Les Enfants du Paradis. Carné. France.
Ivan the Terrible. Eisenstein. Russia.
The Last Chance. Switzerland.
Theirs is the Glory. Anon. Gt. Britain.
School for Secrets. Peter Ustinov. Gt. Britain.
Les Visiteurs du Soir. Carné. France.
The Overlanders. Harry Watt. Gt. Britain.
Great Expectations. David Lean. Gt. Britain.
Fric-Frac. Fernandel. France.

In each case I have given the country of origin as well as the director in order to emphasise a few points.

In the matter of quality, French films now easily lead, and English come second. The disappearance of Hollywood from any serious competition on this level is perhaps the thing that must strike a critic first, since nine-tenths of the films he goes to see are still American. He may regard this fact in one of several ways. It could be asserted that at last, after years of experiment, American boost and toadying have found their level, that what has happened to individuals like Clair and Disney has happened to Hollywood as a whole: there it is and there it will remain, contentedly slavish and in possession—for the moment—of the biggest market in the world. That is one way of looking at it. Or one might argue that Hollywood is suffering from a slump (due to the war), from which it will recover. The effect of the war on American films—unlike English and Russian films—has been not to stimulate but to make more remote and unreal than ever. Or, finally, it might be said that Hollywood films—with one or two abstentions—are no better or worse than before, but that European films have surpassed them. There is something in all these points. I believe the slump argument to be the truest. Even if the competition of quality does not disturb Hollywood (and I think it does) the possibility of losing the English market will. After all we can now achieve not only a *Brief Encounter*, a *Western Approaches*, a *School for Secrets*, but produce *Magic Bows* and *Matters of Life and Death* for the spell-bound adolescent, and if necessary we can bore ourselves in our own way with *Caesar and Cleopatra*. A cut in the import quota would be the best possible thing not only for us but for films in general.

English films have again, despite difficulties, steadily improved during the year. The chief advance has been in the fictional documentary, which is a natural development of tendencies during the war. *Theirs is the Glory*—a fine achievement, by the way—and *The Overlanders* are probably the last of the near-documentaries inspired by the war; and unless we find in peace-time themes equally urgent, the scope of the documentary and near-documentary will be restricted as it was before the war. I agree that many good documentaries (such as *The Way We Live*) ought to get a wider performance; with the general improvement in English films they may even get it, but they will have to develop a more urgent appeal. The liveliest piece of this type was made by Mr. Peter Ustinov, whose relish for Boffins made *School for Secrets* something more than a treatment of Radar. I expect Mr. Ustinov to do at least as much for films as Mr. Noel Coward, but not in documentary. His next subject, we are told, will be Anstey's *Vice Versa*: promising choice, but I should like to see some of our better living writers writing scripts for films as our musicians do scores. If Vaughan Williams and Britten, why not Maugham, Waugh, Pritchett, F. L. Green, Graham Greene, and Patrick Hamilton? When shall we produce our first funny film? My guess is 1950, crooning and gangsters might come ten years later. Meanwhile—except for humour—I suggest that our impresarios take their eyes off Hollywood for a while: if they must look somewhere, let them look at Europe, and especially at France. French audiences are no more intelligent than ours. Given encouragement, I see no reason why we should hang back always in taste; and no reason at all why that taste should be finally settled by what the great Middle West can stomach.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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SURREALISM

At the surrealist exhibition now being held at the London Gallery there is a picture of a bridge suspended over a lake. The painter, René Magritte, has been at pains to reproduce, with absolute fidelity, the appearance of hills, clouds and water, not as seen by the human eye, which is too disposed to isolate certain elements in a landscape and to discard others, but as seen in the camera's eye, slate-grey, cold and anecdotal. The reflection of the bridge in the water runs uninterruptedly from bank to bank, but the bridge itself, also carried out with meticulous naturalism, stops half-way across the lake. In this case the coexistence of normality and abnormality is what provokes in the spectator a *frisson.* Once the surrealist has thought up his good idea, the success or failure of his picture depends on his skill in rendering photographically the normal elements. Watches hanging on trees must look like photographs of watches hanging on trees. Similarly the favourite surrealist device of juxtaposing irrelevant objects like sewing-machines and operating-tables, relies for its effect on the sensible appearance of the separate objects depicted. This is equally, though less obviously, true in the case of non-figurative surrealist paintings. The picture by Mirò entitled " Le Coït " is not an objective account of an incident—if it were that, it would not remain hanging on the walls of the London Gallery for long—but a photographic record, if such a thing were conceivable, of a sensation about the incident. All considerations of artistry, composition, formal organisation of the picture space, even sensibility and perception, have to be sacrificed to the bald statement of the sensation. " We have no talent," writes Breton, " we have turned ourselves, in our works, into the dull sounding-boards of so many echoes ; mere copying machines unmoved by the drawing that they trace. . . ." We spectators are all too eager to search in surrealist pictures for merits which the painters themselves never strove to possess. The normal categories of " good " and " bad " are too closely bound up with our judgments on bourgeois art to make any sense when applied to so revolutionary a movement, and its high priest is never tired of reminding us that he has inherited at least one legacy from Dada, namely, that art in the usual sense of the word is bunk. The *frisson* which we have all at some time or another experienced in the presence of Ernst or Arp is designed to cause us, not amusement nor entertainment, nor, least of all, æsthetic pleasure, but a growing uneasiness. The surrealists are endeavouring to persuade us that our civilisation is crumbling, that our noble standards of conduct are baseless, that our peace of mind is founded on the quicksands of smugness. These " dull sounding-boards of so many echoes " make war on the settled habits of civilised men. In spite of their deep pessimism they are the Trotskyists in the field of the imagination, visualising a future where all men will be absolutely free, and artists in their various spheres. This particular exhibition makes no pretensions to be a comprehensive display of surrealist fantasies.

But if some powerful body like the Arts Council were to organise a retrospective exhibition on a grand scale, we might, when the condescending smiles have vanished from our lips, come to recognise surrealism as the most devastating assault on reason delivered by any group of enlightened men during the inter-war years.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE TWO TOSCAS

Both the new *Tosca* productions of last week are immensely superior to the unfortunate San Carlo revival at Covent Garden. The Italian version added to the Cambridge Theatre repertory is an admirable show already, and it will probably improve with repetition. What it principally lacks is the touch of a first-rate producer. Signor Stabile is a character baritone of the first order, and doubtless he knows as much about the stage mechanics of *Tosca* as anybody in the world ; nevertheless, he ought not to have produced as well as taking the part of Scarpia. Five minutes after the curtain's rise, the hackles of the judicious spectator also rose at the sight of the Sacristan, his face daubed with a bottle-nosed make-up which would have disgraced the Widow Twankey, and periodically convulsed with the hiccups. A minor vexation, you will say ; but the principals, apart from Signor Stabile himself, also needed the counsel, the inspiration, and on occasion the restraining hand of a good producer.

Mme Margherita Grandi has, to a wonderful degree, the right appearance for Floria Tosca : statuesque, raven-locked and lustrous-eyed, she really looks like a prima donna of 1800 ; in the second act, she reminds one of a portrait by David. As an actress, she has moments of intensity separated by patches of awkwardness which will astonish those who recall her uniformly impressive Lady Macbeth at Glyndebourne. The incomparable Ebert would never have allowed her to choose that bread-knife for the despatch of Scarpia, nor to brandish it after the deed still as ostentatiously clean as Excalibur. Her voice, once she had got over some initial nervousness, proved to be rich and full over a couple of octaves from C to C. Signor Salvarezza, the Cavaradossi, possesses a steady and ample flow of tone, but he is apt to sing sharp and louder than is necessary ; later on, when he has taken the measure of the auditorium, he should be able to infuse his singing with more lyrical charm and tonal beauty. At present his " Recondita armonia" is neither so touching nor so musical as that of Mr. James Johnson (whose performance at Sadler's Wells has uncommon charm) ; on the other hand, in the big outbursts the Italian tenor has the undeniable advantage.

But it was Signor Stabile who dominated the Cambridge ensemble, and it was most interesting to see how he had subdued the mercurial quality of his personality to the sinister demands of the Chief of Police. Sheer voice was never his great point, and in the *Te Deum* scene we could have done with a little more ; but there is no one like him for squeezing the last drop of meaning out of each note and each word.

The Cambridge Theatre sets (by Signor Grandi) were traditional ; those at Sadler's Wells (by Mr. Michael Whittaker) attempted, not altogether successfully, to break away. The first act took place in a sort of sacristy with two wooden doors, so that one had the impression of not being really *inside* a church at all ; when Scarpia (a resonant and effective performance by Roderick Jones) ended the act alone, with the *Te Deum* sung " off," one felt that ingenuity had defeated itself. In general, Dennis Arundell's production was resourceful and clear ; but the introduction of the Marchesa Attavanti in person at the very beginning was an implausible innovation, and so was Tosca's exit at the end of Act II, with the door wide open on Scarpia's candle-lit body and a guard just outside who had only to turn his head through ninety degrees to behold the full enormity of the crime.

Victoria Sladen is a bit of a puzzle : she is at her best when singing at the top of her voice (in both senses of the phrase), but loses colour and steadiness lower down the scale and in her softer singing generally. All the same, she is a natural Puccini soprano, and she and her Mario made a more dramatically convincing pair of lovers than their rivals at Seven Dials. *Tosca* is not a conductor's opera ; but both Alberto Erede and Michael Mudie obtained a good ensemble. The all-round honours must go, I suppose, to the more vivid Cambridge Theatre show ; but the Sadler's Wells production is one of their best recent efforts and makes a worthy addition to their repertory.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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Correspondence

THE CASE FOR MR. BYRNES

SIR,—There are two major issues in the world to-day. First, can the new imperialism of the Soviet Union be successfully halted before it reduces the nations of the Western world to what I call the appeasers' choice — to fight or knuckle under? Secondly, and more important, can some form of working world government or organization be devised? The two issues are intimately inter-related, since Soviet imperialism is only one side of the medal, of which the other side is Soviet reluctance to participate genuinely in any world organization. On these two fundamental issues, Britain and the United States stand side by side, with identical interests.

These are the fundamentals, of which it is all too easy to lose sight by becoming preoccupied with local situations, such as those in Spain, Greece and China. If we are to indulge in the popular pastime of plucking motes out of our neighbours' eyes, we Americans could accuse Britain of primary responsibility for the Greek situation, and at least of a responsibility greater than ours for that in Spain. As to the situation in China, the primary responsibility there is undoubtedly ours; but I do not share the general Left-wing assumption that a Communist dictatorship in China is likely to be vastly better than the Kuomintang dictatorship, and I am certain that it would serve your interests as ill as ours. Granted that the solution is not simply to assist the Communists to supplant the Kuomintang, I believe that we have recently been doing the best that could be done to extricate ourselves and the Chinese from the mess for which we are in part responsible.

The charge that U.S. Military Government is seeking to promote American economic imperialism in its Zone of Germany, is utterly without foundation. General Clay has waged a magnificent fight against carpet-bagging; and there has been less of it in our Zone than in yours (where you are exploiting German timber resources on a great scale), and infinitely less than in either the French or Soviet zones (where carpet-bagging is an official activity, carried on by the Military Governments themselves.)

On the broad question of Germany's future, Secretary Byrnes and General Clay are debarred, for obvious reasons, from open advocacy of a Socialist solution. Yet in practice they are entirely sympathetic to it, and have indicated quite clearly that they are prepared to go along with enthusiasm, once the lead has been given either by your people or the Germans themselves. The only qualification to this rule is Clay's wise insistence that Socialization should not be imposed by *diktat*, but should be chosen consciously by the Germans themselves.

As to the economic aspect of our foreign policy, I broadly agree with the position that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has taken. I regret both our commissions, in such matters as food distribution, and our omissions. Concerning the errors of commission, however, I submit that you should remember the historical background. Psychologically, we are in the same condition as you were after the last war; that is the rough stage, I mean, of our historical experience. On the whole, I should say that we were going to avoid some of the mistakes you made in the inter-war years, but it is foolish to expect that we should avoid all of them. Our errors of commission in economic foreign policy, as also, indeed, our Republican majority in Congress, are functions of this situation.

As to our errors of omission, in the long run they appear to me likely to prove more serious in their effects. We *must* launch what I call a non-Communist Left economic foreign policy, aimed to raise living standards and thereby stabilise political situations, in all the many depressed and chaotic areas of the world. And here, I confess, I feel that your people have sadly failed to set the pace. They had the idea at the Foreign Office when I was in London; it was clearly expressed in Bevin's first memorandum on the Middle Eastern situation after he took his present office. It is the kind of idea which is not as yet natural to us, since ours is not a Socialist government. Men like Byrnes and Will Clayton are sympathetic in principle, but they cannot transform the principle into a programme. For this, I had looked to your people, and I must add, I have been disappointed. There are ample funds in the World Bank to make a beginning, and if the British take the lead and are backed by the Americans, this type of creative economic venture can be launched without delay.

The great question remains: How are Britain and the United States to deal with the Soviet Union? My own view is that the time for appeasement and concession has gone by. In order to dissuade the Soviets from their new imperialism, and to induce them to join in a working world organization, they must first be convinced that the policy they are now committed to is unworkable. Sweetness and light will not carry this conviction. Firmness and patience, in Byrnes' phrase, have a chance of doing so, provided the patience is sufficiently inexhaustible.

But there can be no faltering in the firmness either; and the British, with their vital interests in the Middle East, should be the last to deplore, as the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION did the other day, any American attempt to demonstrate to the Soviets that we will not stand for undermining the independence of Turkey in the guise of a Dardanelles settlement. Here again, you see how closely our national interests are intertwined. For if you permit the Soviet Union to become dominant in the Middle East, you are finished as a major Power. We might tolerate that, since our own interests inevitably are our first consideration. But unfortunately for us, if you are finished as a major Power, we shall eventually be finished too. It is a question of hanging together or hanging separately.

JOSEPH ALSOP

New York.

HOW TO GET HOUSES

SIR,—In his article "How not to get Houses," Mr. Vallance appears to doubt whether the application of a stricter standard of austerity in the issuing of building licences for repairs and renovation would in fact result in a greater concentration of building workers on housing. Those of us who have been concerned with the housing problem in London share these doubts. While the cutting down of licences for less essential work is a first and necessary step to be taken, unless it is coupled with other measures it can easily lead merely to greater "Black Market" activity.

The key to the mobilisation of the labour force for essential housing work lies first in more effective control of the distribution of building materials. The voluntary scheme initiated by the Ministry of Works during the summer, whereby priority orders for materials for essential housing work are supposed to be honoured by manufacturers and builders' merchants in preference to non-priority orders, has so many loopholes that it has failed to produce the desired results. Effective control will never be really possible unless the scheme is given statutory force together with some form of coupon rationing for key materials. Take away the Black Marketeer's access to materials and he cannot use the men who are prepared to work for him.

The second crying need is to make the essential local authority housing jobs more attractive to the building worker. Mr. Vallance states that in Tunbridge Wells licences for "other work" have been issued with such a lavish hand that there is little need for "Black Market" operations. But has he studied the various illegal "inducements" offered to building workers on "other work"? Although the regulations lay down that payment to operatives shall be neither more nor less than those agreed on in the industry, in practice the vast majority of builders on private work offer all kinds of extra payments; this the local authority is not permitted to do. It must

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be remembered that a London craftsman for a full week receives only £5 15*s.* 6*d.* and a labourer only £4 12*s.* 7*d.*: often enough their earnings are reduced by broken time. In fact, in the latest full return by the Ministry of Labour (for January, 1946) the average earnings of adult male building workers are below those for industry as a whole. At the same time welfare and canteen facilities on many local authority housing sites are deplorable. Improvement of wage rates and conditions on these jobs would do much to attract the necessary labour. It is understood that the Unions are at present discussing proposals for some form of payment by results; if agreement can be reached on this question, it will no doubt go a long way towards solving the problem.

There appears to be a widespread fear that increased wages will mean that the already disturbingly high building costs will be forced up even higher. Those who believe this overlook the fact that the cost of building a house has increased since before the war by a great deal more than the increase in either prices or wages. The difference amounts to some £400–600 per house. Part of this discrepancy can be explained by the wasteful use of labour and high overheads which result from the serious undermanning of most housing sites. The key to lower costs is higher productivity based on a well-balanced force, effectively organised and large enough to man the job in hand.

One of the ways in which a balanced labour force can be most effectively built up is by the greater use of direct labour by local authorities. For the past year this organisation has been literally flooded with requests from councillors, building workers and local trade union bodies of all descriptions for information on how to run a direct labour department. We have been able to provide some assistance, particularly in publicising the details of the Edmonton direct labour scheme. We feel, however, that it would be a great advantage if the Minister of Health, who has personally so often expressed himself in favour of direct labour, were to compile some sort of official guide or handbook for the use of local authorities which want to set up their own direct building departments.

Labour Research Dept. D. J. F. PARSONS,
45 Lincolns Inn Fields, W.C.2. Secretary

CLOTHES FOR EUROPE

Sir,—Most of your readers will welcome, as we certainly do, the news that food parcels may now be sent to the hungry people of Europe. But the people of Europe are cold as well as hungry; and we are concerned lest, in the easing of one hardship, nother should be forgotten. It was stated in the House of Commons only a week ago, that, in the British Zone of Germany alone, the minimum requirements of children's boots amounted to 6,250,000 pairs, against which permits for the purchase of only 1,770,000 pairs had been given out—i.e. one pair for every four children. We happened to receive, only a few weeks earlier, a report from our Aachen team which told of how the number of garments available for new-born babies worked out at one to every four—the same proportion as cited more generally in the House. And reports from other teams, in Germany and the other stricken countries of Central Europe, confirm the remark of a worker in Vienna who had been struck by the number of children in that city suffering from sores on the feet through lack of footwear—"I believe that clothing will be the most crying need this winter."

We appeal to all who sleep under a roof, who have enough to eat, and enough clothes to keep them warm and dry, to give every garment and every pair of shoes they can spare. Better still, organize a clothing drive and let us supply you with the necessary sacks and leaflets. Lastly, if you have no clothes to send us, send money: we need every penny you can give if we are to meet the costs of transport and distribution.

Parcels should be sent to Friends Relief Service, 163, Highgate Road, London, N.W.5., and money to Friends Relief Service, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. LETTICE JOWITT.
General Secretary.

GERMAN EDUCATION

SIR,—Critic was good enough, some months ago, to comment favourably on the work of the organisation known as German Educational Reconstruction (G.E.R.). That was on the occasion of the visit to this country, as guests of G.E.R., of Staatsminister A. Grimme and Senator H. Landahl. Since that date, several of our German members have returned to Germany and others will soon follow. G.E.R., therefore, has intimate contacts with that country, and intends to establish itself as a Bureau for furnishing bodies and individuals in this country with reliable information about what is happening to education in Germany. We shall also serve as the instrument for promoting exchange of personnel between the two countries and for securing the despatch of educational material to German educational institutions.

For four years G.E.R. has relied for financial help upon the generosity of a few friends and interested trusts. We now appeal for wider support to enable us to extend our work which, during the war, was primarily concerned with preparing German teachers in this country for their return to Germany. Contributions should be sent to our hon. treasurer Dr. F. A. Burchardt, 41 Portland Road, Oxford.

14 Hillcroft Crescent, S. H. WOOD,
London, W.5. Chairman

UNIVERSITIES AND THE STATE

SIR,—The Parliamentary and Scientific Committee has just presented its report on the expansion of University education. This report misses issues of great public importance.

The report says that the number of places at Universities must be doubled in the next few years. To this end, £100,000,000 must be spent in the next ten years and in addition £30,000,000 per annum must be spent. These huge sums of money (about £40,000,000 per year) must be found by the Government and handed over to the Universities, which according to the report must retain their independence. Apparently there will be no direct public control over the spending of this public money. There will only be a consultative committee to advise the University Grants Commission which is itself a body authorised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to distribute funds to the Universities.

The report itself points out that the policy of expanding University education is closely connected with education in the secondary schools.

Would it not be more democratic to place the Universities under the control of the Ministry of Education? In this way we would achieve two things. First we would secure public control of public money. Secondly expansion of University education and policy in the Universities would be co-ordinated with the needs of the nation and with the secondary stage of education. S. GALIN,
Middlesex Secondary Secretary
Teachers' Association.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Margaret Boswell protested that her husband's diary would leave him "emboweled to posterity." Her vivid phrase did not dissuade him from his determined course and to-day, since his letters and his papers have been published, we know James Boswell more intimately than any other of the departed great. Mr. Quennell's article tempts me to add some considerations on Boswell's case as it may strike a physician or psychiatrist. We may not be as confident as Macaulay or as clever as Carlyle, but we have at least learned not to be surprised by the prospect of littleness in great men. Even critics of discernment, like Bronson*, still appear to be astonished by the complexity of Boswell's character. This apparent complexity is simply explained by the fullness of our knowledge of him, by his rapid swings of mood, and by the frequent occurrence of contrasting qualities in one personality. Love and hate can flourish in one person at one time and for one object; word and deed frequently and unconsciously contradict each other; emotion is fleeting in the adult but dynamic in the young child; reason is hard to come by; good and evil are the fruit of one tree—these are some of the commonplace paradoxes which psychology proffers us for the solution of the riddle of human personality. Boswell was a drunkard. Boswell wrote two masterpieces of English literature—the one unsurpassed and the other unsurpassable. Boswell was a lecher. Boswell was unusually humane and generous. Boswell was a buffoon. Boswell was the friend of Johnson, of Burke, of Reynolds, and of Paoli—all of whom loved him. Those who find such contrasts irreconcilable have long lost the power of self-examination.

The temperament of James Boswell was cyclothymic—subject to alternating periods of happiness and depression. The depressed phases of the cyclothymic may be due to some unexplained internal rhythm (endogenous), but in Boswell they commonly arose from some external circumstance (exogenous). A long solitary winter of study at Utrecht in 1763 enshrouded him in black melancholy, but he emerged into gaiety as the fashionable circles of the Hague were opened to him. Later in life he would frequently note in his diary "feeling hypish" (hypochondriacal) after a night of heavy drinking, and it seems possible that the fashionable hypochondria of the eighteenth century had its origin, not in the British climate or in the national temperament but in the vast amount of alcohol taken. The cyclothymic temperament has its compensations, for after the period of depression comes a mood of exaltation (hypomania) and it was these phases of exuberant vitality that gave Boswell's friendship its especial quality.

More than this, Boswell was a chameleon that changed his coat with his changing environment. He was a mirror in which his own real image, if such there was, was obliterated by the superimposed image of the person whose company he was sharing—with Johnson he was "pious and had manly hope," with Wilkes he was gay and libertine, with Rousseau he was romantic, with the condemned at Tyburn he was terrified or resigned, with the widow and fatherless he was himself bereaved. Boswell was the best of all audiences—that which identifies itself completely with the actor or orator. This is not an uncommon characteristic and it carries with it a high degree of suggestibility—the stigma of hysteria. He had a more remarkable, though related, quality which was to be the instrument of his achievement. As the years passed he contrived to cultivate an objective detachment from his outward existence so that he became both actor and audience, observer and observed. He consciously developed this cleavage in his personality, and in time reduced the actor to puppet size while the observer's stature was enhanced. No episode in his daily living was truly experienced until it had been set down in his journal. No experience, however painful and humiliating, was quite intolerable when he recalled that he would later write an account of it in his diary, while the day was void and its deeds were annulled if through negligence or idleness he had not made his daily record. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the following entry in his diary: "I shall live no more than I can record, as one should not have more corn growing than one can get in. . . . There is a waste of good if it be not preserved." The part has indeed become greater than the whole when one aspect of living is hypertrophied to restrict life itself.

Boswell never escaped a profound feeling of insufficiency and none of his literary fame brought him a permanent satisfaction commensurate to his needs. He wrote to Temple in 1767, "I am always for fixing some period for my perfection as far as possible. Let it be when my account of Corsica is published. I shall then have a character which I must support." His image of himself demanded perfection—in everything—and each achievement enlarged the image without consolidating the real Boswell. He was like a man who, toiling after a magnificent mirage, disregards on his way the pools which have brought comfort and ease to men less thirsty than himself. He had strong guilt feelings, although he was devoid of shame and one modern critic has damned him for his "hypocritical whining." This is a nice point in morals. Aided by the admonitions of Temple, the advice of Paoli and the example of Johnson, Boswell would frequently repent his sins and take a vow against drink and sexual indulgence only to be tripped up again in a few months by his favourite hock. Boswell was no hypocrite, and although it is easy for us to see that his relapses were inevitable, yet it is his quality of genuine and sanguine aspiration that gives nobility to the most sordid elements in his character, and it was the knowledge, coming to him in middle-age, that the leopard's spots were unchanging which destroyed his hope, deepened his depression and accelerated his decay.

Boswell was himself bewildered by the instability of his character and his diaries contain many exhortations addressed to himself, such as "Be Father," "Be Johnson (you resemble him)" and most fantastic and most revealing of all, "Be Rock of Gibraltar." At a later date he writes, "After my former sufferings from bad health and low spirits, I exalted in my present vigour and chearfullness . . . I thought of marriage and was determined to have a good match, as I was become so agreeable and so happy a man," but on the same evening, "after unpacking my trunk, I sallied forth like a roaring lion after girls, blending philosophy and raking." Boswell saw nothing incongruous in this association and at other times he would, with equal insensitiveness, mix raking with religion or with filial grief.

Because of such incidents as these it has often been lightly assumed that Boswell was mad. There was insanity in his family; his daughter, Euphemia, and his brother, John, went out of their minds. In 1783 his friend, Temple, was so exasperated by him as to write:

> Boswell, irregular in his conduct and manners, selfish, indelicate, thoughtless, no sensibility or feelings for others, who have not his coarse and robust strength and spirits. Sorry I came to town to meet him. Detaining me here to no purpose. Seems often absurd and almost mad, I think.

The state of insanity is not a kingdom of the mind totally distinct from normality; the two states, on their farthest sides, are leagues apart but their proximate borders occupy a land of no man and every man—a twilight country where many enter but few constantly abide. In this indeterminate territory Boswell erratically tottered for the last fifteen years of his life but always on this side of insanity.

If Boswell's prodigious memory and his remarkable itch to record provided the means of his achievement, what factor in his life and what element in his personality provided its source and determined its nature? The answers lie in his unhappy relationship with his father and his life-long search for love and admiration in his father-substitutes. His father, whom Boswell loved and admired, found in James little to love and nothing to admire. Whenever James was in the company of Auchinleck the image of himself dwindled until it was no larger than the small boy, beloved and indulged by his mother but intimidated by the stern and sarcastic tongue of Alexander Boswell. So painful was this relationship that James later developed little tricks of self-protection. For example, he found that, staying at Auchinleck with his father and stepmother, he could remain even-tempered, happy and unafraid, if he kept himself quietly soaked in ale. Again, aged thirty-seven, fearful as always to tell his father he was going to London, "for he never cordially approves of my going, and by the influence of habit since I can remember him, I am depressed in his presence and cannot get free of the imagination that I am still a boy . . . pretty much 'void of understanding'" he took with him "as a little footstool to raise me," his five-year old daughter Veronica. In the presence of his daughter he too shared in this god-like quality of fatherdom.

The conflict between father and son depended not only on these infantile memories but also on dissimilar temperaments. The Scottish law-lord was a precise, caustic, scholarly, harsh, opinionated, Presbyterian Whig; the son a flamboyant, superficial, vain, generous, vacillating, Jacobite Tory. Assuming that the Oedipus complex made the breach between them, one could not expect it to be healed in the presence of their divergent personalities. It never was healed. The conflict continued throughout the life of Auchinleck. It recurs like a refrain in the letters and the diaries. Boswell's estate and his inheritance are threatened. He seeks the opinion of Johnson and of Rousseau on the struggle. He writes on the subject in his weekly essays entitled the *Hypochondriack*. He weeps of it to his wife. On the day that James marries, Alexander remarries, as if to remind James that his patrimony is not yet safe. On his deathbed Alexander cries, "If my sons are idiots, can I help it?" This brutal challenge rings down the centuries and our reply is that mental defectives are born, but fools are made by defective upbringing. It still happen that a man with a vigorous and dominating personality makes a buffoon of his own son, and particularly of his first-born. Boswell's vanity, which might have been restrained by affection and canalised by discriminating admiration, was inflated by his father's sarcastic reproof. Conflict bred rivalry and hatred and Boswell went elsewhere in search of a father. His substitute fathers had to be great and good and here Johnson and Paoli supplied his desperate need. The key to Boswell's life, his character and his achievement lies in this conflict with Auchinleck. He was insufficient because his father despised him, he was guilty because he both hated and loved his father, he was ambitious because he must outstrip Auchinleck and earn his praise. He could not hope to surpass him at the Scottish Bar, and so to succeed at the English Bar was his deepest wish and ultimately caused his most bitter disappointment. Nor was Auchinleck impressed by his two heroes—the one was "an auld dominie who kept a schule and ca'd it an academy" and the other "a land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican." The invective was well-directed and the expression of contempt unrestrained. When the implacable adversary at last departed, Johnson nicely summed up: "Your father's death had every circumstance that could enable you to bear it." Those who are tempted to take sides in this predetermined struggle between father and son will refrain when they recall that the direct outcome of the conflict was the immortal biography of Samuel Johnson.

Douglas Hubble

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* *Johnson Agonistes.* Bertrand H. Bronson. Cambridge University Press.

SOVIET THOUGHT AND ACTION

The Soviet Impact on the Western World. By E. H. CARR. *Macmillans.* 5s.

Soviet Philosophy. By JOHN SOMERVILLE. *Philosophical Library, N.Y.*

How Russia Transformed her Colonial Empire. By G. PADMORE. *Dennis Dobson.* 7s.6d.

Professor Carr's *Soviet Impact on the Western World* is one of those rare books which leave the reader not only more instructed but wiser. The six lectures now reprinted are no more than a foretaste of the fuller study of the Soviet Union which Professor Carr is known to be preparing, but each chapter gives added understanding both of the Soviet Union and of our own situation.

The main impression left on me is not so much that of a Soviet impact on our Western world as of a parallel development. For instance, the logic of events is forcing us all to adopt a planned economy. And in the new diplomacy, whether Soviet or Western, economic policy and publicity play their part along with the traditional diplomatic instruments.

British Trades Unions already "stand so well with the ruling authorities that they can achieve better results by negotiating with them than by fighting them," and are attaining a role in the State that is bound to make British Trades Unions, like Soviet Trades Unions, behave more and more as part of the State machinery. Facts such as this encourage the belief that Britain is in her own way attaining many of the benefits of the Soviet system without the disadvantages, though this does not seem to be the conclusion which Professor Carr draws. He rightly points out that Soviet propaganda has a long start over all other national propaganda through "its appeal to the masses and its international character." He thinks, however, that by tactful guidance given to the press and the B.B.C. "the British Government has created an exceedingly adroit and subtle instrument which serves not only to promote positive propaganda but to counter foreign propaganda, both by directly refuting it and by discrediting the sources from which it comes." It is profoundly disquieting, however, to learn how all-pervading and effective Foreign Office control of the sources of information can be; Professor Carr ought to know.

Politically he thinks that the challenge of the Soviet Union lies, above all, in the "direct participation of the mass of the people . . . in the everyday administration of the affairs of the nation." I am not so sure. Ten years ago it may very well have been true that the Soviet system gave the bulk of the people a powerful direct influence on the affairs of the State, especially in such local and factory matters as touched them most closely. But to-day there is very little public discussion of public issues and, if the mass of the people does to-day "participate directly in everyday administration," this can only be in some esoteric sense which escapes me.

Professor Carr believes that the world is on the road to "mass civilisation," but he does not analyse the phrase. Let us hope that at any event "the masses" are to be civilised; let us agree, too, that the present age looks with an ever-kindlier eye on "collective values," but such a concept needs elaboration before it can have a clear meaning. The weakness of the present book is that so little is said about the specific history and nature of the Russian people. It is almost *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

Soviet Philosophy, by John Somerville, is a most interesting attempt to answer the question "What do the Soviet Russians really believe?" He points out that "everyone has been so anxious to agree or disagree with them that no one seems to have taken the trouble to sum up their beliefs as a whole."

Historical or dialectical materialism is indeed "a theory that has been refuted more frequently than it has been studied." In order to carry out his investigations Dr. Somerville learnt Russian and spent two years studying in the Soviet Union from 1935-7 as Cutting Travelling Fellow of Columbia University. He had interviews with and cross-examined most of the leading thinkers in the Soviet Union. His studies have been kept up to date, and the result is a comprehensive and lucid account of the basic philosophy of Soviet Marxism, which is presented as a subtle and arresting system of thought. An English edition of *Soviet Philosophy* would be very welcome.

Many of us start with an initial prejudice against anything that is labelled materialism, but most of the objections vanish as soon as the concept "matter" is analysed with sufficient subtlety. What does materialism mean if matter is defined as "the general name of the objective source in which all things are rooted?"

Marxists have acquired a bad name for dogmatism, but Dr. Somerville is insistent that the principles of dialectics are not a dogma, but "a guide to activity and scientific research." It is very valuable to be reminded that the principles of growth and change lie at the root of Soviet Marxism, and we may be sure that in the fullness of time Soviet thought will develop into something very different from the banalities and distortions which are now current.

But the fact remains that the dialectic process is too often forgotten in Russia to-day, and that the "unity of theory and practice" generally seems to mean dogmatic pragmatism and opportunism. At the present stage of Soviet development what suits the party line to-day is acclaimed as if it were absolute truth. Similarly the Soviet view of art is put forward as a subtle variant of the general Platonic view that art should serve a social purpose. But that does not prevent the Soviet authorities from making what appear to be gross blunders in their treatment of artists.

Dr. Somerville points out very rightly that we in the West are apt to be over-sophisticated in our criticism of such matters "and to miss the core of meaning and significance that is present." Certainly it is not for Christians such as myself to point the finger of scorn at Soviet preachers because neither their sermons nor their actions come up to the standard of the best teachings of the Marxist creed.

Mr. George Padmore, the author of the latest "challenge to the Imperialist powers," is a native of Trinidad, who has been a member of the Moscow city Soviet and chairman of the Negro bureau of the Profitern or International of Trades Unions. His honesty and humanity at once capture one's sympathy. He is a warm but not blind admirer of the Soviet Union who has several good words to say for Trotsky and criticises Soviet limitations on "workers' democracy." But these faults are far outweighed by the social equality and fraternity which Mr. Padmore found in Russia. If civil and political disabilities exist, at least "Stalin does not use pigmentation as a screen for the denial of popular rights."

How Russia Transformed her Colonial Empire starts with a historical sketch of the Tsarist Empire. Tsarist rule was often oppressive but Mr. Padmore's picture is overdrawn, and as a matter of fact some of his evidence would pale into insignificance in comparison with some of the earlier consequences of Soviet policy. The gist of the argument is that the subject peoples of the Russian Empire were as varied and as primitive as the peoples of the British Colonial Empire. This is not quite correct. It is true that the Eskimos live in a palæolithic state and that there is a babel of languages in the high Caucasus, but these are handfuls by comparison with the rest. The bulk of the "colonial" population of Russia consisted of Central Asiatic Turks, who were Moslems speaking kindred dialects and living in a far more developed civilisation than the natives of Africa south of the Sahara.

On the whole I share Mr. Padmore's admiration for the astounding progress made by the peoples of Soviet Asia since the Revolution, but I cannot feel that he has succeeded in explaining how the results have been got. Socialism may or may not be a panacea; we have all heard that before. What we want now is the instructions on the box so that we may know how to take this wonderful medicine if it happens to suit our particular malady. It is here that Mr. Padmore fails us.

For one thing there is scarcely a word about the role of the Communist Party, whose ruthless, if well-intentioned, dictatorship has played the chief part in the transformation of Russia in Asia. We are told that "the right of secession was, of course, the crucial testing point of the Treaty of Union," but there is not a word of the measures taken, and perhaps rightly taken, to make sure that this right is never exercised. Mr. Padmore does not seem to be fully aware of the drastic measures taken against those numerous peoples who co-operated with the Germans during the war. By the acid test of war, a test which Mr. Padmore himself proposes, the Asiatic peoples of the Soviet Union gave about the same degree of loyalty as the British Colonial Empire. This is a remarkable result in all the circumstances.

I believe that the success of the Soviet Nationalities Policy is due to a good combination of administrative devolution with centralised planning and to a policy of putting local people in charge of local jobs and of encouraging everything that builds up local culture and local self-respect.

The importance of Mr. Padmore's book lies not in what he says, but in the fact that he says it. If such a reasonable fellow citizen feels such resentment at what he finds in the British Empire and such love for another country, something must be wrong. The problems of the non-Russian nationalities of the Soviet Union are very different from those of the British Colonial Empire, but the George Padmores will certainly not accept this as an answer. JOHN LAWRENCE

A POET ON A POET

Tennyson. An Introduction and a Selection. By W. H. AUDEN. *Phoenix House.* 8s. 6d.

The selection from Tennyson offered by Mr. Auden has been compiled judiciously to include most of the poems that appeal to modern taste; and, in addition, the whole of *In Memoriam*. As must happen in all anthologies, readers will find some of their individual favourites omitted. (I looked in vain for *The Palace of Art* and *A Dream of Fair Women*, two of the most effectively visual poems in any language.) The interest and usefulness of the book would have been increased if Mr. Auden had culled individual beauties of imagery and music from the many long poems he does not print. There is not a page of the time-worn *Idylls of the King*, for instance, that fails to flash at least one golden phrase. The field remains open for somebody to follow the shining example of *The Seven Ages* and to do for Tennyson what Mr. Rylands has done for Shakespeare.

What a poet has to say about another poet almost always throws some light on either the speaker or his subject. (Tennyson is revealed as a consummate critic in his table-talk about his great predecessors). And in his preface Mr. Auden offers us an interesting analysis and explanation of Tennyson's favourite subjects:—1. An act of desertion; 2. An insensitive, cruel other; 3. An accidental crime committed by the hero; 4. A thief; 5. A contrast of landscape. "In no other English poet of comparable rank" he concludes, "does the bulk of his work seem so clearly to be inspired by some single and probably very early experience." Kierkegaard and St. Augustine are called upon for passages dealing with the origin of religious unrest in the feeling of having been abandoned: following which Mr. Auden draws a parallel between Tennyson and Baudelaire as equally sufferers from a "basic anxiety about existence." (He might have added that Baudelaire was an admirer of Tennyson.) "In their verse technique," he continues, "both display the same musical ear and love of 'line'," adding the curious parenthesis: "Pope is to Tennyson what

Racine is to Baudelaire." Can anyone agree? Horace, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Wordsworth, Keats, all left their mark on Tennyson. But Pope? Tennyson was sensible indeed of his beauties, while much preferring Dryden. The art with which Tennyson overruns the line is no less conspicuous for the art with which Pope remains within the line.

A little further we come to the following passage;

> Baudelaire was right in seeing that art is beyond good and evil, and Tennyson was a fool to try to write a poetry which would teach the Ideal; but Tennyson was right in seeing that an art which is beyond good and evil is a game of secondary importance, and Baudelaire was the victim of his own pride in persuading himself that a mere game was
>
> le meilleur témoignage
> que nous puissions donner de notre dignité.

Every sentence in this seems to be either false or meaningless. While some great poetry is entirely unconcerned with morality, some of the greatest poets have successfully sought to "teach the Ideal." According to Mr. Auden, however, it is "right" to see that art is (1) beyond good and evil; and, in consequence, (2) a game of secondary importance. That Mr. Auden takes such a low view of art seems a little unlikely, and yet how can any other meaning be wrested from his remarks?

Nor are these the only statements in his Introduction that leave me bewildered. How well the following paragraph begins, how vilely it ends!

> He had a large, loose-limbed body, a swarthy complexion, a high, narrow forehead, and huge bricklayer's hands; in youth he looked like a gypsy; in age like a dirty old monk; he had the finest ear, perhaps, of any English poet; he was also undoubtedly the stupidest; there was little about melancholia that he didn't know; there was little else that he did.

On the contrary the number of things Tennyson "knew about" was extraordinary: he was an omnivorous reader, passionately interested in the arts, in natural science and in religion. "Undoubtedly the stupidest?" Let us hear three witnesses; Jowett: "In his commonest conversation he showed himself a man of genius"; Palgrave: "His conversation alone would have made him the most interesting companion known to me"; FitzGerald: "I wish I had been A.T.'s Boswell." Great poets may fail in self-criticism, may be silly even; I can think of none who was stupid. I should be sorry to have to deny taste to Mr. Auden in the airy way he denies intelligence to Tennyson. If his comments appear pert, it is doubtless that he wrote them in a hurry.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

DAUMIER

Honoré Daumier. 240 lithographs selected and introduced by Wilhelm Wartmann. Translated by HARRY C. SCHNUR. *Nicholson and Watson.* 42s.

Daumier's Third Class Railway Carriage. With an introduction by S. L. FAISON, JR. Gallery Book No. 13. *Lund Humphries.* 4s. 6d.

The capacity to feel indignation dies, in most people, before the age of thirty, to be replaced by sensible arguments, designed to prove that equality of opportunity is an idle dream, that wickedness is a law of nature, that war is inevitable, that the disinterested pursuit of truth is an engaging undergraduate pastime, that freedom is all very fine but can be pushed too far. Daumier spent over forty years insisting that the cause of freedom could never be pushed too far. Brandishing the cheap lithograph as his only weapon, rallying the exploited and the oppressed as his only allies, he organised a resistance movement against cynicism and humbug. After six months' imprisonment for withering attacks on the July Monarchy, he resumed his campaign of vituperation with undiminished vigour. He celebrated the momentary triumph of 1848 with a cartoon of Liberty bursting open the doors, flooding the room with light, driving out the corrupt politicians; but soon the clouds of reaction returned to darken the sky, and Daumier settled down to a lonely protracted siege. Whilst others were busy spreading the Napoleonic legend, he filled the pages of *Charivari* week by week with caricatures of the Emperor's fatuous glitter. By this time he had seen too many revolutions betrayed, and as an old man, surveying the devastation wrought by the Franco-Prussian War, he drew a great question-mark across the future, enquiring what new tyrant would come to corrupt and poison the young Republic.

Every recorded anecdote about Daumier implies that he was a man of little education and absolute simplicity of character. He could not have become "interested" in politics as an independent source of study. Politics were for him too closely woven into the fabric of men's lives to be observed with detached amusement. For him they formed as much part of the dreary lot of humanity as a cold room in winter, or an overcrowded swimming-bath where men splashed each other in a pathetic attempt at gaiety. For this reason he could switch, from week to week, from a satire on Guizot to a family row, from a sophisticated lawyer to a drunken brawl, without varying the direction of his attack. And his simple-minded vision left him free from intellectual snobbery, so that he could pour scorn on reputable institutions like feminism and Victor Hugo without scandalising his friends.

Two hundred and forty of his finest lithographs, out of a possible total of nearly 4,000, have been selected for reproduction by Mr. Wartmann. It was unnecessary, though something of a *tour de force*, for the author to have included an introduction entitled "historical background" which is an account of French politics from 1789 to 1871 in under seven pages; the English translations are at times confused and uncertain; but the greatest care has been taken to preserve the quality of the original lithographs, and long, useful notes give the required facts about each illustration. In some respects, Daumier's lithographs provide the richest material in existence for a history of Paris in the nineteenth century. He could if he wished unlock the door of any house in the capital, and expose the squalid behaviour of its inhabitants. The most fanatical champion of liberty is the most formidable enemy of licence, and no vice, however endearing, was allowed to slip past Daumier unchallenged. Snobbery: bourgeois, trying to fill gap left by departed aristocracy, samples wine and pretends to find it good, or bad. Covetousness: listening to will being read. Self-deception: proud parents gaze in admiration at hideous spectacle of child lying in cradle. Self-indulgence: expression on face of libertine after sixth glass of absinthe. Complacency: rich lawyer, interviewing client who has stolen food, protests that he is often hungry but never tempted to steal. History is made, not only in the Chamber of Deputies, but

> Dans les plis sinueux des vieilles capitales
> Où tout, même l'horreur, tourne aux enchantements.

One of Daumier's best-known oil-paintings is "Le wagon de troisième classe" in the Metropolitan, the subject of a new Gallery Book, by Mr. S. L. Faison. Daumier must have become attracted to the medium of oils because it gave him an opportunity for more general comment on the times than the ephemeral lithograph. However, the social implications in this picture are no less obvious, especially when it is contrasted with his sketches for first and second class carriages, which Mr. Faison illustrates, and describes with

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caution and good sense. The picture is too sketchy to yield many suitable details, but other works associated with it are reproduced in this little book, as well as some infra-red photographs which provide a fascinating insight into Daumier's method of work. BENEDICT NICOLSON

MIDWEST AT NOON

Midwest at Noon. By GRAHAM HUTTON. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

The Roots of American Loyalty. By MERLE CURTI. *Geoffrey Cumberlege.* 20*s.*

Mr. Hutton prefaces his book by the bold statement that this "is not just another book by a foreigner about America." In the course of some 350 pages he substantiates this claim by writing one of the most interesting books on America that have appeared in the last ten years. It is not the usual book on America by an Englishman partly because Mr. Hutton is not just a usual Englishman, but mostly because his experience in America is unusual both in its extent and its location.

As Director of the British Information Services in Chicago from 1941-45 Graham Hutton was able to document in detail his already extensive knowledge of America, and to do so in what he rightly regards as the least known and most important area of the continent. In *Midwest at Noon* he describes in the greatest detail the characteristics of this *terra incognita*, beginning with the horrors of its climate, on through the growth of its cities, the nature of its people, their customs and institutions, and concluding with a glance at the future.

The noonday of the Midwest, the author contends, is now past. It ended in 1929, since when the Midwest has gradually ceased to be a region apart and been more and more influenced by forces beyond its borders and control. To-day the Midwest is losing its special characteristics and becoming a part of a unified, standardised America. Of course the standards are often those of the Midwest itself, which it has forced on a reluctant East, and offered to the eager, growing West. In fact this process has gone farther than Mr. Hutton seems to realise; for many of his generalisations about the Midwest are equally applicable to all sections of America.

To most English people the best known products of the Midwest are Spam, gangsters and Col. McCormick. Mr. Hutton's chapter on the Farm Community, to which we owe Spam, is one of the most penetrating in the whole book. Similarly on gangsters he has seized the vital point that crime flourishes because "crime pays handsomely." Al Capone's syndicate, he points out, took $25 million a year from gambling alone, without taking into account such sidelines as prostitution and murder. But the Searcher of Indices (to give a reviewer his proper title) will be disappointed to find no reference to the *Chicago Tribune* or its publisher. Perhaps that was to serve Col. McCormick right, for there is plenty about the diseases of isolationism and nationalism of which he is the most virulent bacillus.

Looking back on the region which he has so closely studied Mr. Hutton searches for parallels. He finds the Midwest at its noon most reminiscent of Victorian England and Soviet Russia. With the Victorians the Midwesterners share "an intense conviction that any and every problem in any place on earth is easily soluble by the simple application of principles of right and wrong," which leads to their "naive . . . self confidence" being mistaken for priggish hypocrisy. With the Russians they share a "past insulation," which has been destroyed, and which they are attempting to replace by "a bigger and better insulation comprising much more of the surface of the globe." Mr. Hutton explains so delicately the roots of these American faults, and forgives so much that he can understand so well that it seems almost a public duty on his part to spend next year in Tomsk and write a similarly friendly and explanatory book about the Russians.

The Midwest was the real fount of American national sentiment in the opinion of Professor Curti. His scholarly study of the growth of American loyalty attempts to show how the concept of an American nation grew from faint beginnings in 13 very independent and sovereign States. The wicked British seem entitled to a good deal of credit (which they are not customarily accorded) as the main cause of American national self-consciousness, since it was over against the hated British tyranny that Americans conceived their national mission as an asylum for the oppressed, the land of the brave and the home of the free. Though the theme can be followed through this work, Professor Curti is too weighed down with quotations from Fourth of July orations to make clear the gradual degradation of this high ideal down to the modern glorification of the American way of life in terms of cheap automobiles and good plumbing.

JOHN MORTON.

NEW NOVELS

The Triumph of Death. By C. F. RAMUZ. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dangling Man. By SAUL BELLOW. *Lehmann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Beach Red. By PETER BOWMAN. *Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The first English translation of Ramuz is long overdue. Ramuz is a French-Swiss (more specifically, a Vaudois) novelist with something like the solitary and unchallenged distinction, as well as the output, of Somerset Maugham. I remember myself urging another publisher to take him on eight years ago. I am not sure that a good choice has been made with *Présence de la Mort*. In its smaller way, *Dangling Man* is also overdue. I read the best of it in *Partisan Review* in what my memory tells me was the winter of 1941-42, but it must have been more than a year later by the contents. *Beach Red* is a wholly misguided *tour de force*. I instance it as a contrast in method and because the energies that have gone into it must be held to constitute promise.

Beach Red is one of those symphonic structures of which we all dreamed in our youth, when the possibilities of language first became apparent to us. It presents an American soldier's last hour on a Pacific landing. Each minute is a chapter. Each chapter consists of sixty lines, end-stopped and enjambed. There are ten words in each line and thirty-six thousand in the book. Here and there the language seems to want to become verse (blank verse with out-rides) no doubt through the metronomic ecstasy of ticking off ten words to a line. Elsewhere, it is rhetoric, exclamation and reverie, and of course the dying soldier is you and me.

Dangling Man is one of those abandoned, personal narratives of which we all dreamed a little later, when we began to doubt whether language had any possibilities at all except as an occasion for misunderstanding. This literary nihilism has been practised with effect by Céline, Montherlant, Henry Miller, William Saroyan. Mr. Bellow does it well and with a theme that justifies it, for his story-teller is waiting to be inducted into the U.S. Army in those black, silly days. There is one chapter recounting a visit to the hero's brother Amos, the spanking of an ill-bred niece, the sister-in-law's suspicions and the temporary breakdown of a wife's loyalties. I still think this one of the finest chapters I have read for years and, as a dragging of the depths of the middle-class mind, without English counterpart except

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Here you have most of the poetry, a handful of sermons, and some samples of the letters. There is plenty to enjoy, or at least enough to enable you to discover precisely what joys Donne's writings can provide. In proportion to the whole amount there are probably more things here than in any author which you would never have thought of and wish you had. The most enthusiastic readers will perhaps be those who have a taste for far-fetched things.

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perhaps in Hester Chapman's *Long Division*. The rest of the book is not quite up to this set-piece, but one responds to all this harsh, desperate truthfulness which seems to be our nearest contemporary equivalent to integrity of mind.

All the novels of Ramuz that I have read show some little Swiss community in the temporary grip either of catastrophe or of delusion. In the same way, Mauriac's wine-growing country shimmers under a heat-wave and reduces man to a creature watching for a thread of smoke above the scorched vines. Giono's village is maddened with drought until the great god Pan fires the cornfields. Ramuz is not alone. The weakness of *Présence de la Mort* is that here catastrophe is total and crude. The earth approaches the sun. All life is destroyed. The tension has collapsed. A better choice would have been *La Guérison des Maladies* (1924), where the people run wild after a girl healer, or, better still, *Si le Soleil ne revenait pas* (1939), in which an astrologer-herbalist prophecies eternal winter because, at one and the same time, the sun is sick and the earth has stopped turning, and a little village on a north slope lies gripped in frost waiting for the equinox. In these two, and in the more purely lyrical *Passage du Poète*, *Adam et Eve* and *Beauté sur la Terre,* there is darkness and light, light which is not darkness. They have depth and contrast. Taken in isolation, *Présence de la Mort* will look like mere apocalypticism (the auspices are anarchist). And Ramuz is not a prophet of doom. He is a lover of this life. His phantasies are those of an anxious mother. He sees the earth threatened because it is alarmingly precious to him.

Ramuz has argued his intellectual position in a number of general works of which *Besoin de Grandeur* (1938) is perhaps the chief. The Swiss, he says, develop a peculiar mediocrity of mind from their position in Europe, a mediocrity aggravated by living amid scenery universally acknowledged to be sublime. They have no political rôle and no history (obviously Ramuz has not read his military history, particularly his Machiavelli). They are bounded by geography and must seek what in reality they already have—the thoughtless aristocracy of kings and beggars. Regionalism Ramuz admits, but as a necessity and not an ideology. It is hard necessity. The French-speaking Swiss number less than one million. The immediate audience for a writer of the Vaudois school is therefore rather less than the audience of an Ulster writer would be if all Eire spoke Gaelic. The result, for the rest of the world, is bound to be pastoral in Wm. Empson's sense, but of course literature is always in quest of pastoral themes—witness not only American authors' current hunting of their little Spanish brothers, but gangsterdom itself. Exclusion of all but the simplest forms of statement is equally characteristic of Ramuz and of Damon Runyon. In the contemporary world Vaudois is the best available pastoral. Let it be noted that Ramuz does not shut out the world. His remote inns have wireless sets. The vines are sprayed with up-to-date colloidal compounds. There are cinemas in the towns and the Simplon express thunders by.

In the work of a writer given to parading what is known as his "spiritual development," the holocaust of *Présence de la Mort* (1925) would be held to mark a crisis. In a childish orgy of destruction the whole of this self-contained world is suddenly written off. *Présence de la Mort* is to that extent not characteristic. However, the Ramuz method is fully displayed by it, even to the point of self-quotation, for the basket-maker's appearance behind a hedge in Chapter Twenty duplicates the opening of *Passage du Poète*.

It is a method which must have suggested to many readers, on first contact, that Ramuz had at last discovered the only way to write a novel, as Mozart discovered the only way to write an opera. It is seamless. It combines the formality and the easy, all-in breadth of the two American books, the firm pre-construction of a true novel and the free inventiveness of picaresque. It passes from first to third to second person, from past definite to past indefinite, present to future to conditional, on the same page. It is slow, repetitive and at the same time curiously rapid. If a word is used which you do not happen to know, you are sunk until you get the dictionary out, because there are no synonyms. Perhaps the most obvious of its graces is that it contrives to be wholly localised without parade of local colour and that there are no descriptive set-pieces. The characters are in the landscape and they stay in it. The rhythm and shape of their thoughts and speech is prolonged into the conformation of the earth. The short paragraphs are a little like Claudel's versets, and the progressive incantation is at once Claudelian and biblical.

The translation, by Alan Ross MacDougall and Alex Comfort, carries off an arduous technical business with a ballerina's fixed smile. I dislike "back-basket" for "*hotte,*" without being able offhand to suggest an alternative. "Shouldering" guns is not the same thing as putting them "to the shoulder." The vernacular "*qu'il a dit*" does not require "*as* he said." And so on. But there are not many such awkwardnesses. The translators should not, I think, be allowed to retire without some applause. There are two latter-day landscape drawings by Edward Burra, and the printed page is laid out with candour.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

ADVOCATUS ANGELI

James Beattie's London Diary. Edited by RALPH S. WALKER. *Aberdeen University Press, 12s. 6d.*

This work of Aberdonian piety will please the company of Johnson-lovers who like any authentic piece to fit into the detailed jigsaw puzzle of his times. It has little literary merit save a plain style, though James Beattie was not only a writer, but a best-seller. His poem, the "Minstrel," may, as the editor claims, have been, a little, a precursor of the Romantics. But it was his essay on "Truth" which made him a lion. Here at last was a thinker who, as was thought, demolished the infidelities of Hume; the pure water of the Dee quenching the hellish flames which belched from the Edinburgh High Street. James Beattie was, in fact, a founder of the Scottish school of metaphysics called the "Common-Sense School," which flourished later in commercial Glasgow. The essay caused a furore, and Beattie was encouraged to travel to London and petition the king for a civil list pension. He kept a careful diary of this sojourn in 1773; and there is perhaps some historic interest in the day to day story of how patronage and influence were canvassed and exercised. Beattie got his pension. Meantime he was caressed by the cream of London society. For then, even as now, there was no bounds to the adulation which the upholders of current convention lavished upon a man who could give a plausibly rational air to Toryism. They all welcomed him; Lyttelton, Mrs. Montagu, Burke, Garrick, Lord Mansfield, Lord North, lazily rude as usual, the King and Queen warmly approving. Dr. Johnson delighted in him, "desiring me to visit him every day and stay with him all day long"; there's the true bear's hug! Reynolds painted him in an allegory, with a comely angel pushing Error (wearing Voltaire's face), down into perdition, and Dr. Beattie gazing out of the frame, a prim, trim little man. Goldsmith told Reynolds that Voltaire would be great long after Beattie's name was forgotten; and yet Beattie had, one must admit, enviable days to record in that diary.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 880

Set by Naomi Lewis.

The usual prizes are offered for a Cautionary Tale in not more than 12 lines of verse. Entries by January 7th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 876

Set by Sam Smiles

Six guineas are offered for sixteen lines of verse inveighing against the habit of giving Christmas presents to adults.

Report by Sam Smiles

A friend for whose sense of values I have the profoundest respect upbraids me for this competition : " There can never be too much giving of presents." While agreeing that I should like to give, and be given, a present every week of the year, the commercialisation of Christmas strikes me as disgusting as well as deuced inconvenient. As Miss Chisholm puts it, " Just some time, when it's rather dull, Give me something fine." Let us buy because we see something a friend would specially like, not because a present is due or " seasonable." Jack Bradstreet phrases it well :

This great occasion, which was once a Birth,
Has fallen into favour here on earth :
And while the Saviour's influence daily drops,
His name goes racketeering through the shops.

Other especially good entries come from A. Trevor Tolley, E. W. Fordham, Freda Wadsworth, W. H. Gillman, L. E. J., Terence Melican, William Bliss, Leslie Johnson, Agrippus, and Allan M. Laing (who submitted half a ballade, subjoining the rest of it). Nobody pointed out that the custom was "made in Germany" or took to task the Prince Consort for importing it. The first prize of two guineas goes to Silvia Tatham, who expresses exactly my feelings, a guinea each to R. J. P. Hewison, Stanley J. Sharpless, William Clark, E. T. Scheffauer, and a competitor whose signature is indecipherable and whose address is not given.

" Oh, no, no—there's nothing, nothing, not anything,
Nothing at *all* we want—no Anthologies,
No Cards, Calendars, no Christmas Novelties,
No What-nots, Where-with-alls, Hold-alls, Jotting-books,
Remembrances, Book-markers, Needle-books, Blotting-Books,
Pence-jugs, Pen-wipers, Pen-holders, Paper-knives ;
oh, no,
not any of these,
As Adults we have reached our years of discretion, of leisure, of ease ;
No remembrance of us at Christmas ; remember, this, *please !* "
" To whom then shall we give ? There are presents here."
" Give to the Children ! They are so dear, so dear ! .
They like anything, everything that can (or can't) be got this year ;
Pleased with Brooches, Bricks, Blocks, Boxes, Books,
Balls, Balloons, Butterflies, Butterscotch, all Sweets, and Toys, and Jokes,
Crackers, Hobby-Horses, Rocking-Horses, Rocking-Chairs ; anything and everything that can (or can't) go
into a Christmas Stocking !
So please, please give all the Presents to the Children, the dear Children, this year ! "

Silvia Tatham.

TANTUM ERGO

Because a maiden bore her boy
Upon a night so cold ;
Because three Kings for heavy joy
Brought incense myrrh and gold ;

Therefore I give my wealthy aunt
To swell her swollen hoard
A reticule she does not want
And I can ill afford.

Therefore I buy for cousin Jim
A book I need myself,
Which he will place (rely on him !)
Unread upon the shelf.

With such *non sequiturs* we try
Our seasonable best
The Holy Child to glorify—
The Logos manifest.

R. J. P. Hewison.

It's high time someone started to debunk
This curious ritual of swopping junk.
If Christmas hadn't proved a social hit,
Sales managers would have invented it ;
For then the business man, so pink and jolly,
Pricks sales resistance flat with sprigs of holly ;
(Listening to his ingenuous advice,
You'd think that every friendship had its price).
The bank-note issue goes up with a jump
As universal goodwill primes the pump,
And ties and scent and plastic so-and-soes—
As hideous as they are otiose—
With prices half erased, are scattered thin
O'er distant kith and scarce-acknowledged kin . . .
Reader, beware. The gift unfreely given
Mocks generosity, and stinks to heaven.

Stanley J. Sharpless.

Ring out wild bells, yet not so wild
As we who join in futile quest
To rouse in one another's breast
The untimely rapture of a child.

A mad exchange where all must lose,
A jest to make the angels weep—
We give what we should like to keep,
And get what we would never choose.

Ring out this travesty to heaven,
The careful list, the failing purse,
The date for posting, then the curse
Of getting where we have not given.

Ring out the rubbish from the mart
That no one wants, but all must buy
Who keep with muddled piety
A custom withered at the heart.

William Clark.

I've a cigarette lighter for Claude,
I've a bottle of perfume for Ma,
Another book token with wishes unspoken
Will do for my cousins (there seem to be dozens)
But I haven't a notion for Pa,
And what shall I do with Aunt Maud ?

She think's all collecting's a fraud,
She hasn't a dog and no cats,
She never reads books and thinks nothing of looks,
I don't think she drinks, she calls perfumes plain stinks,
She makes her own cushions and mats—
O, what shall I do for Aunt Maud ?

I've got stiff fingers from writing my friends,
All my dreams are tea-stands and book-ends,
The circus young John will applaud—
But what *can* I do for Aunt Maud ?

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

If our lady
On Cirstemesse night
Hadde never given birth
When the Star burned bright
To Jesu in a manger,
Never would there be
Al Hevene and erthe
On a Cirstemesse tree.
Gifts for a litel child
Maketh much joy
But gifts for the old
Are foolish ploy.
Spend not thy monies
On things that pass,
But merrily sing
Deo gracias !

The Merchant Adventurers' Hall, York.

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Appointments Vacant

L.C.C. invites applics. for appointment of Deputy Clerk of the Council at sal. of £2,000, rising biennially by £250 to £2,500 p.a. No age limits. Person appointed will be subject to Council's Superann. and Provident Fund scheme. Pref. given, other things being equal, to regd. disabled persons. Form of applic. (stamped add. foolscap env. nec.), obtainable from Acting Clerk of Council (K), County Hall, Westminster, S.E.1. Applics. must be returned by Jan. 9, 1947. Canvassing disqualifies.

COLONIAL Office. Applics. invited for appointment woman Assist. Labour Adviser. Candidates able bring expert knowledge to bear in relation Colonial problems affecting welfare of women, children, young persons in agriculture and industry, and assist the Labour Adviser generally. Should have wide gen. exp. of comparable work in this country and particular exp. of wartime industrial welfare work. Appointment carries sal. in scale £700 × £30—£940, with consolidation addition of £84 rising to £96. In normal circumstances appointment would be for 3 yrs. in first inst., subject 3 mths.' notice on either side. Applicants over 50 yrs. not eligible except case of already established Civil Servants. Applic. forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns., W.1, quoting No. 1720, to be returned by Jan. 9.

L.C.C. Reqd. in Jan., 1947, at Leavesden Green Emergency Trng. College, nr. Watford, Herts: (i) Nurse-Matron to take charge of College Sick Bay and be responsible, under direction of the College Medical Officer, for health of students, S.R.N. desirable and some exp. of Institutional Admin. an advantage. (ii) Asst. Domestic Bursar to assist Bursar and Deputy Bursar on domestic admin. of College. Training and exp. in Institutional Admin. desirable, and ability to relieve Nurse-Matron an advantage. Salaries payable depend on qualifics. and exp. of successful candidates, but will be within following: Nurse-Matron, £191 10*s*. to £255 10*s*. p.a.; Asst. Bursar, £171 10*s*. to £201 10*s*. p.a. Both salaries include temp. cost of living addition, and both posts carry emoluments of board, lodging, laundry. College accommodates 475 men and women student-teachers. Other things being equal, pref. given to regd. disabled persons. Write (stating post) for applic. form (to be retd. by Jan. 7, 1947), to Educ. Officer (S.S.6/27), County Hall, S.E.1.

COUNTY Borough of Reading. Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from women with suitable qualifics. and exp. for foll. appointments on staff of Brownlow Road Remand Home (accomm. 15 girls):—(1) Superintendent (Qual. Teacher): Sal. according to Burnham Scale for Grade I Head Teacher (max. £460 p.a.), together with full emoluments. (2) Deputy Superintendent (Qual. Teacher or equiv.): Sal. according to Burnham Scale for Asst. Teachers (max. £420 p.a.) plus special responsibility allowance of £40 p.a. Deduction at rate of £78 p.a. made in respect of emoluments. (3) Supervisor (non-res.): Duties will include general assistance with care of children in the Home, with special responsibility in regard to catering. Sal. £240 p.a., rising by £12 annually to max. of £280 p.a. Appointments subject to provisions of Teachers' Superann. Acts or Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, and successful candidates may be reqd. to pass med. exam. Applic. forms from undersigned, to whom completed applics. should be returned by Jan. 4, 1947. P. S. Taylor, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, Blagrave St. Reading.

L.C.C. There are vacancies for boarding-out officers (women) in Educ. Officer's Dept. Duties will include supervision of children boarded out in foster homes and inspection and selection of new foster homes. Knowledge of needs of children and exp. in their care necessary. Sal. £300 × £20—£400 p.a. basic, together with temp. cost of living addition (at present £67 to £72 p.a. according to salary). Other things being equal, pref. given to regd. disabled persons. Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (Estab. 2), County Hall, S.E.1, to be returned by Jan. 8, 1947.

CITY and County of Bristol. Dept. of Public Health. Applics. invited for foll. posts at Southmead Municipal Gen. Hospital:—Temporary Asst. Warden: Sal. £190 × £10 × £250 p.a., following after 5 years at £250 by further increment of £20 and after another 5 years by additional increment of £20, together with emoluments valued at £120 p.a. Person appointed will be responsible for management of Nurses' Home and exp. of Hotel management, Women's Hostel, incl. catering or similar employment an adv. Temp. Domestic Supervisor: Sal. £160 × £10 × £220, following after 5 years at £220 by further increment of £20 and after another 5 years by additional increment of £20, together with residential emoluments valued at £120 p.a. Duties will be as follows: Allocation/supervision of duties of domestic staff; keeping of time sheets and holiday rotas; supervision of staff dining arrangements; supervision of resident staff quarters; supervision of domestic equipment, etc. Applics., on forms from undersigned, should be submitted forthwith. R. H. Parry, M.O.H., Kenwith Lodge, Westbury Park, Bristol, 6.

VISUAL Education. Press Officer reqd. for Educ. Films organisation. Capable of writing/placing articles and news paragraphs in natl. newspapers and prof. journals. Ideally with exp. of teaching and specialised knowledge of visual educ. methods. Write fully Box 4379.

HEREFORD County & City Mental Hospital, Burghill, Hereford. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. Sal. in accordance with recommendations of Joint Negotiating Cttee. (Hospital Staffs). Applics., giving qualifics. and exp. should be sent to Medical Superintendent.

Appointments Vacant—continued

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington. Applics. invited for post of Secretary (Female) to Med. Officer of Health, on permanent staff of Council, at sal. of £320 × £12 to £356 p.a., plus cost of living bonus at present £48 2*s*. p.a. Must be competent shorthand-typists and have had prev. secretarial exp. Some supervisory duties are also included. Full partics. of Council's conditions of service obtainable on writing to Med. Officer of Health. Applics., stating age, exp., etc., together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be forwarded to him at undermentioned address, to be received by Jan. 11, 1947. W. Eric Adams, Town Clerk, Islington Town Hall, Upper St. N.1.

THE Youth Hostels Assoc. reqs. Shorthand-Typists. Interesting and prog. employment. (1) For gen. work in Natl. Office, Welwyn Garden City. Sal. £3 10*s*./£5 according to qualifics. (2) Typist-Sec. for Foreign Travel Bureau in London; must be respons., able to deal with enquiries, pref. with kndge. of French. Sal. £5/£6 accord. to qualifics. Applics. within 10 days to Y.H.A. Natl. Office, Howardsgate, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

ASST. Secretary (man) reqd. for Devonshire St. Club, London Club House, of Natl. Assocn. of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. Sal. £175-£200 accord. to exp., plus board and lodging. Superann. Scheme shortly available. Details, Sec., Devonshire Street Club, 29 Devonshire St. W.1.

BURLINGTON Hall Neighbourhood Centre, Birmingham, membership on family basis, in third year, reqs. from January man with organising exp. to develop creative activities in co-operation with present staff. Apply, Chairman, 14 Stockton Lane, Walton, Stafford.

EAST Sussex Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from suitably quald. men/women for post of Leader of Rye and District Youth Clubs. Sal. in accordance with foll. scales: For Youth Leaders who have satisfactorily completed course of training recog. by Minister of Educ., £300 × £10 to £350. For Youth Leaders who are not so qualified, £270 × £10 to £320. Applic. forms from undersigned on receipt of a stamped add. env., must be returned accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials by Jan. 7. J. H. Baines, Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

RESIDENT Art and Handicraft Teacher wanted in January, Modern Teaching, Pottery, Book-binding and Richardson writing. Formosa School, Epping House, near Hertford. (Co-ed. Junior.)

EGYPT, Alexandria. English Girls' College (35 staff). Applics. invited for foll. depts.:—1947, Easter: (1) Middle School English; (2) Froebel; October: (1) Froebel; (2) Geography; (3) Domestic Science; (4) Physical Training. Outward and leave passage paid every two yrs. 4-8 yrs. exp. desirable. Apply: Educ. Cttee. Soc. for Oversea Settlement of British Women, 3 Sanctuary Bldgs., Gt. Smith St. Westminster, S.W.1.

ST. Margaret's P.N.E.U. School, Moor Park, Ludlow, Shropshire. (Independent Boarding Sch. for 60 Girls, 6-18 yrs.) Needed Jan., 1947, Sen. Nurse-Matron, pref. S.R.N., also Asst. Nurse-Matron; gd. nursing exp. nec. Exc. amenities and sals. Full partics. to Principal, please.

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HULTON Press req. Art Editor for Leader Magazine. Must have extensive knowledge of typography and lay-out. Journalistic exp. an adv. Write, giving full partics. of career, age, sal. reqd., to Gen. Manager (Art Editor), Hulton Press, Ltd., 43-44, Shoe Lane, E.C.4. Do not telephone.

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YOUNG Man (21) sks. interesting work. Handicapped by asthma, and only dubious assets 4 yrs.' clerical exp. and moderate intelligence, but willing go anywhere, do anything which offers possible escape from present rut. Box 3919.

YOUNG Architect, now preparing for A.M.T.P.I., interested in sociology of town and country planning, articles pubd. in professional press, sks. appointment. Box 3929.

EX-R.A.F. man, Socialist, some kndge. Radar, office administration, sks. interesting remunerative employment. Go anywhere, do anything. Box 3930.

WANTED by yng. expd. cook-housekeeper with baby, interesting unconventional job. Cultural interests. Exc. refs. Box 3957.

EDUC. woman, 48, Domes. Sc. Dip., exp. catering, interested food reform, desires work useful to community. res. Box 3970.

YOUNG woman, 26, B.A., French, knowledge German and Italian, 5 years in Govt. office, some literary exp., seeks post, pref. London. Box 3534.

VIENNESE Lady, doctor's widow, own West End flat, much travelled, linguist, musical, organising talent, sks. interesting post, poss. secretary to scientist or musician. Box 4472.

PRACTISING Artist, 33, recently demobilised, reqs. teaching post with scope in independent/other school, pref. accessible Surrey. Exc. testimonials, press notices, photographs of paintings, sent on request. Box 3988.

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LADY would like part or full-time Literary work. Box 4019.

FORMER Austrian Lawyer, perfect know. German/French, exp. secr. and manag. work, wishes full or part-time occup. Box 4020.

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Accommodation—continued

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PUBLIC and Preparatory Schools Year Book (Boys). Official book of Headmasters' Conference and Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools. Published by Deane's, 31 Museum St. W.C.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s*. per line (average 6 words). Box numbers 1*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. to Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 3216

Entertainments

ARTS, Gt. Newport St. Evenings at 6.30, Sat. and Sun., 2.30 and 6.30, "A Phœnix Too Frequent" and "Fatal Curiosity." Wed. next, Jan. 1, at 7, "The Master Builder." TEM. 7541/6. Mems. only.

COMEDY.Whi. 2578. Evgs. 7. Sat. 5.15, 8. Tues. 2.45. C. Mollison, B. Bason, "Man from the Ministry."

ST. Martin's. Tem. 1443. Twice daily. Arthur Young in London's Longest Run, "The Shop at Sly Corner."

UNITY Theatre, "Pardon My Greek," a musical satire by Bernard Sarron, Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Fase, Dec. 26 to Jan. 26, Tues. to Sun. incl., at 7.30 p.m. Mems. only. Seats 2*s*., 3*s*., 4*s*., 5*s*. Euston 5391.

NEW Lindsey, Palace Gdns. Terrace, W.8. "High Horse." (Mems. only.) Tues. to Sat. 8, Mat. Sats. and Suns., 5.

SADLER'S Wells. Ter. 1672. Opera and Ballet. Evgs. 6.45. Mat. Sats. 2.30. Leaflet obtainable at Box Office.

ACADEMY, Ger. 2981. Carl Dreyer's "Day of Wrath" (a). A drama of fear and superstition in 17th Cent.

MERCURY, Par. 5700. "The Family Reunion." Evgs. 7.0. Tues., Thur., Sat., 2.30.

UNITY Theatre, Goldington St. N.W.1. Dec. 30, Monday, 7.30 p.m. Jack Chambers introduces his film "The Bridge." Also "The Silent Village." Admission free.

RIALTO, Coventry St. Ger. 3488. Marcel Carne's "Les Enfants du Paradis" (A) with English sub-titles. 11.45, 2.30, 5.20, 8.15 (ends 11 p.m.). Sundays, 4.30 and 7.5.

ST. Thomas Church, Regent St. (behind Mappin & Webb). 7.30, Dec. 29 to Jan. 12 (incl. Sundays). Nativity Play, Morley Theatre School, direc. Rupert Doone, Xmas in the Market Place, by Henri Gheon.

LONDON Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Bruno Walter. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Sunday next (29th), at 7 p.m. Beethoven programme. Tickets: 12*s*. 6*d*., 10*s*., 8*s*. 6*d*., 7*s*. 6*d*., 6*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., from Box Office (Tem. 7961), and usual Agents. Gallery (unres.) 2*s*. 6*d*. on day only.

PROMENADE Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. B.B.C. announces Winter Series. Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Nightly at 7. Mon., Jan. 6, to Sat., Jan. 18 (except Sun., Jan. 12). Prospectus (2*d*.) including details of ticket prices at Hall and Agents.

CAMBRIDGE Theatre. New London Concerts, Dec. 29, at 7. New London Orchestra. Conductor: Alec Sherman. Soloists: Colin Horsley. Gareth Morris. Works by Gretry, Delius, Beethoven, Ibert, Mozart. Tickets: 10*s*. 6*d*., 8*s*. 6*d*., 6*s*. 6*d*., 5*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., 2*s*. 6*d*., usual Agents, at the Theatre Tem. 2527 and Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore St.

KLIGERMAN, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, Jan. 3 at 7. Sonatas Op. 35, 58. Studies Op. 10, 25. 10*s*. 6*d*., 9*s*., 6*s*., 3*s*., at Hall and Agents. Hinrichsen Concert Mgt., 25 Museum St. W.C.1.

NEW Year's Dance, Hendon and Golders Green Fabian Socy., Jan. 4, 7.30 p.m. Odeon Cinema (Restaurant Annexe), Finchley Rd., N.W.11. Tickets 4*s*., from Hon. Treas., 46 St. George's Rd. Golders Green, N.W.11, or 5*s*. at entrance.

Exhibitions

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23. This museum which has been closed for a time owing to war damage is now open to the public. 10.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sun. 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Closed, Tues. Adm. free.

A COLLECTION of Paintings and Early English Watercolours to be seen at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

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BRITISH Road Federation presents a Roads and Road Development Exhibition at Tea Centre, Lr. Regent St. S.W.1. Until Jan. 11. 10.30 to 7, Suns. 2.30 to 6. Adm. free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St. W.1. Primitive Art. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Sun. 2.30-5.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131/134 New Bond St. W.1. Recent Paintings by John Minton, Julian Trevelyan and Keith Vaughan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FOYLES Gallery. Jamaican Paintings. Negro Art from the West Indies. 9-6 daily (inc. Sat.). Till Jan. 15. Adm. free.

Lectures and Meetings

ERRATUM: Advt. Dec. 21 should read Personalist "Group," not "Great," Conference.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. Dec. 29, Joseph McCabe, "Ring in the New."

COMMUNITY Centre, 3 Clifton Gardens, Warwick Avenue Tube, W.9. CUN. 3232. Brains Trust every Wednesday at 8.0. Headlines—commentary and discussion on week's events every Friday at 8.0. Visitors cordially invited. Refreshments obtainable.

INSTITUTE for Experimental Metaphysics, Ltd. (Psychic Investigation), Walton House, Walton St. S.W.3. Ken. 6865. Jan. 2, 7 p.m. "The Nature of Extra-sensory Perception," by G. N. M. Tyrrell. Mems. 1*s*., non-mems. 2*s*. 6*d*.

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. Dec. 29, at 11 a.m. R. O. Prowse: "Good Resolutions."

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

PAINTING Lessons by free method specially designed to develop the individual, and for those who need a constructive recreational activity to help them overcome their psychological difficulties. Apply for further particulars to Sheila Ivor-Jones, The Studio, 73 Priory Rd. Hampstead, N.W.6.

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Personal

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AUSTRALIAN Documents relating to early days of colonisation—letter, diaries, ships' logs, historical material, are wanted by Hon. Trustees of Mitchell Library, Sydney, N.S.W. Write to Principal Librarian.

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EXPERIENCED Secretary would take down articles or other literary work for typing at home, N. London. Box 4153.

MR. CHARLES A. NEIL, late of Dolphin Square, has resumed his teaching of the technique of mental-physical re-education described in F. M. Alexander's books, "Man's Supreme Inheritance," "Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual," and "The Use of the Self," at 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. (Phone: Park 7222), in partnership with Mr. Eric de Pever.

CONTACT Lenses. Wm. Sudder-Dean, F.B.O.A., F.N.A.O., 355 Oxford St. W.1, also 15 Montpellier Parade, Harrogate. Write for leaflet.

STORIES wanted by Agency Dept. C.20 of British Inst. of Fiction-writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St. W.1, on a 15 per cent. of sales basis (reasons given for rejection). Interesting book free.

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Personal—continued

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BRUSH Up Your Memory. A new course "Your Mind and How to Use It," by founder of Pelmanism. Complete 6 postal lessons, fee 30*s*. Pamphlet free. Ennever Foundation, Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

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"GREEN Odyssey," new pocket quarterly, will present characteristic aspects of life and conditions in all countries. Winter issue, 2*s*. post free, fr. G.O. Publishing Co., 41 Prestbury Rd. Cheltenham, Glos.

SPIRITUALISM. 48 pp. booklet by Hannen Swaffer. 1*s*. 4*d*. Spiritualist Press (N.6), 49 Old Bailey, E.C.4.

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"OPPORTUNE Challenge to Our Civilisation" ("Forward"). "Essays Towards Peace," by George M. Ll. Davies. 4*s*., from Bookshops or Sheppard Press, 3 Blackstock Rd. London, N.4.

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BEDTIME Dangers, by a Consulting Psychiatrist, Music as Social Work, review of the Curtis Report, and news from a dozen different countries, are features of The World's Children, December, 7*d*. post free, 20 Gordon Sq. W.C.1.

Personal—continued

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"THE Gate," International literary quarterly English and German, out January 1st. Stephen Spender, C. Day Lewis, E. Sackville West, etc. Ricarda Huch, Manfred Hausmann, Wilhelm Unger, etc. Foreword, Gilbert Murray. Subs. will help us to send copies to Germany. 10*s*. a year; 2*s*. a copy. 25 Holland Park Avenue, W.11.

JEWISH Dominion of Palestine League, Walmar House, 288-292 Regent St. W.1. Send 1*s*. for literature and full details of Organisation incl. "Palestine Quiz" (just out), giving full facts about the Palestine problem.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: "London Mercury," 45 issues, Feb. 1928-Dec. 1937 (mainly 1933-1935); "American Mercury," Jan. 1927-Jan. 1928, complete, plus 8 odd copies (21 issues); American "Story," 13 issues 1936-1939, offers; Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th Edition, offers; 24 Volumes Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th Edition, India Paper, as new, best offer over £30; Mathers "Thousand Nights" (4 vols.); Lawrence's "Seven Pillars" (1935), offers; "Forever Amber"; Green Linen Bedspread, full size, as new, no coupons; Aluminium Kettle; Girl's Jodhpurs; man's Rolled Gold Watch, perfect, offers; Waterman Fountain Pen (gold nib), new, £3 3*s*. plus cost advt.; Leather Brief Case, unused; Ladies' Ice Skates with boots, 5½, £5; Fleece-lined Leather Knee Boots, men's, 9, £7 10*s*.; Remington Shaver, double head, £8 8*s*.; new Indian Carpet, 12ft.×9ft., £100, offers; Ski-skins, as new, £2; Ladies' Ski-suit Sports Jacket; Men's Leather-soled Canvas Shoes; smart Persian Lamb Coat, reasonable; 9,000 Index Cards, 5*s*. per 100, size 5in.×5in.

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Fellowships

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